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A SUDDEN DROP IN COPPER

By Elizabeth Phipps Train
With *Pictures* By F.R.Gruger

BOSTON was having its "nooning." The ladies' room at Parker's, with its cool gold-and-white decoration, looked fresh and inviting to the pretty girl who stood on the threshold, scanning the familiar apartment with eyes intent upon discovering a vacancy which would enable her most comfortably to dispose herself. Before the head waiter had time to approach her she had discovered an unoccupied table near a window, and she at once moved forward and took possession of it.

She was an exceedingly nice-looking girl, and she wore her stylish blue Liberty cotton gown with an air of elegance and distinction. A hat of coarse yellow straw trimmed with green taffeta and corn-flowers rested on her thick dark hair with that perfect adjustment of shape that pertains alone to French millinery.

In her hand she carried a small satchel of dark brown alligator-skin, which she insisted upon retaining possession of notwithstanding the waiter's assiduous efforts to disembarrass her of its burden. Her figure was tall, and she moved with grace and perfect self-possession. The eyes of other women followed her with glances of critical approval, and those of the men rested upon her with evident pleasure and admiration.

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She was not over-young; perhaps her age might have been twenty-five or six, and she obviously felt herself perfectly at home amid surroundings with which long acquaintanceship had rendered her familiar. "Parker's" has become so much a feature of Boston domestic life that it has largely lost its character of public restaurant in the eyes of even conservative chaperons and parents. In the intervals of flitting between the city and its "cold roast" watering-places, paterfamilias feeds his flock at "Parker's," so that between the time of weaning and of hoary age the place becomes the wayside inn between city and suburban life.

The girl picked up the menu and ran her eyes down it with languid indifference. It was really too hot to eat anything, and yet, realizing that her dinner to-day would be but a most casual affair, she recognized the necessity of making a good lunch.

Aided by the solicitous waiter, who stood at her elbow offering suggestions born of a considerable experience with languid midsummer appetites and a keen scent for probable fees, she finally selected a few courses, jotted them down upon the order-card, and as the man departed to procure them leaned indolently back in her chair and fanned herself with the menu, looking meanwhile about the room to see if any of her many acquaintances happened to be lunching there at the moment. She devoutly hoped that no one whom she knew was there, for the heat of the torrid day had taken such hold of her that she felt herself incapable of conversation.

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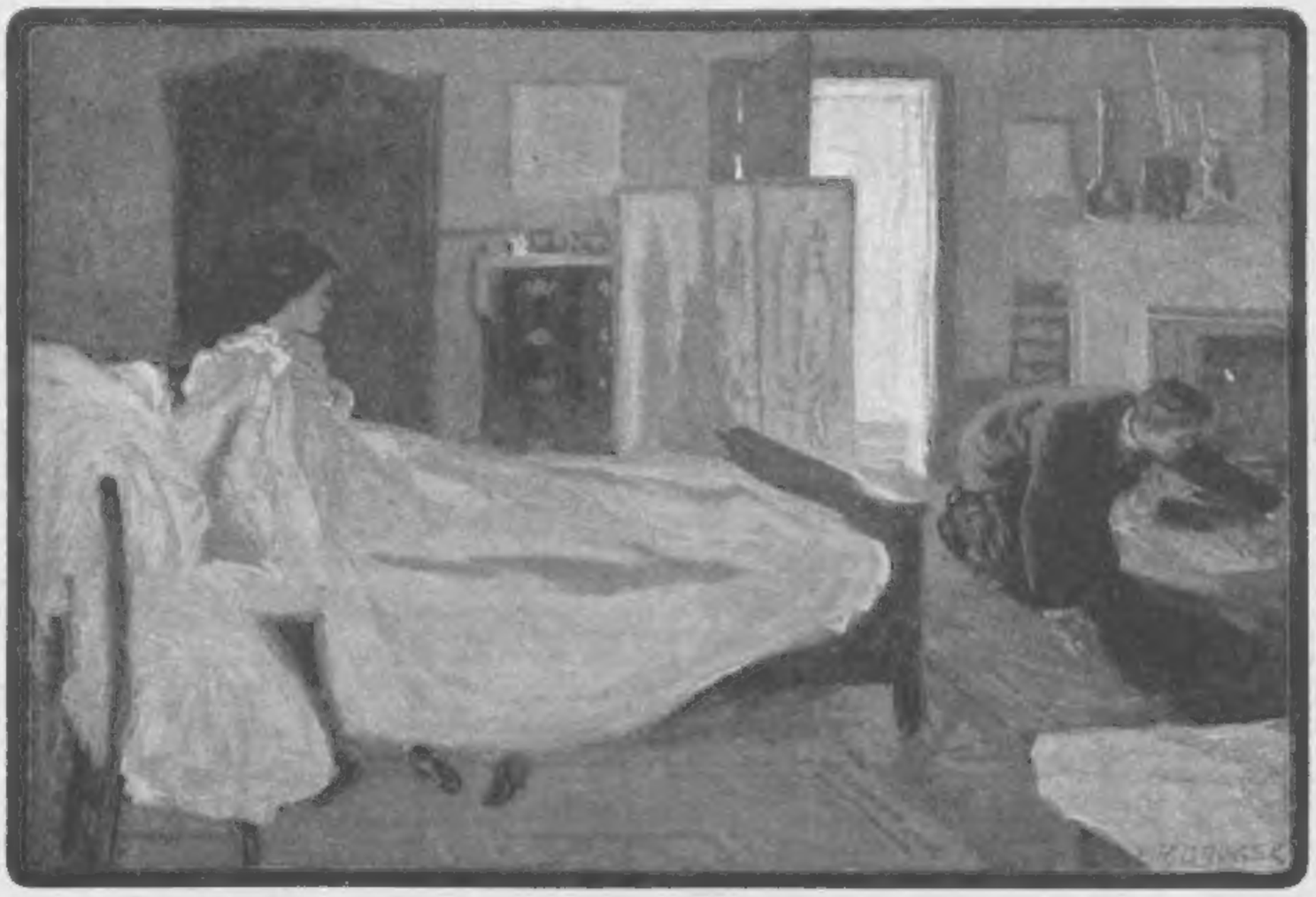
She was just congratulating herself that the people who filled the room were plainly not Boston people, but a motley collection of travelers passing through on their way to those myriad seashore resorts with which the vicinity of the city abounds, when a slight stir and movement at the door attracted her attention in that direction. As she turned her eyes they met those of a man who, lifting his brows in surprise as he returned her bow, at once made his way over to her table by the window.



IT WAS OLIVER MEADE

"Miss Lawrence!" he exclaimed, his hat in one hand and the other outstretched to clasp the one that she had extended in greeting. "What a day to have chosen to come to town! It's ninety, if it's a degree!"

"Awful," she assented. "I'm simply melted, but I couldn't help it. I had to come."

"Important shopping, I suppose. Are you alone?"

"Quite. Even papa would not come up to-day. He says Beverly is good enough for him in such weather."

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"I should think so! I'd snap my fingers at mercury, too, if I were such a bull in copper as he is. But a poor chap like myself can't afford to flout even the thermometer. All I can do is to sit and grind my teeth as I see it rise in the bulb. But I'm not going to growl when I have such a streak of luck as this. Do you mind if I join you?"

"Delighted," she replied, and with truth, for she really was glad of a companion now that such an agreeable one had offered himself. Oliver Meade had always been a favorite with her, although he was not exactly of her set—that is, his family, of whom she knew little or nothing, were not. He had gained an *entrée* into society through being secretary to one of Boston's most distinguished blue-bloods, who was at the same time a mighty railroad magnate, and who had taken a great fancy to the young fellow. Now he was received everywhere, and being clever and well-bred he was deservedly popular.

"You have ordered, I suppose?" he asked, as he handed his hat to a waiter and dropped into the seat opposite her.

"Yes, indeed; and more than the usual woman's lunch of lobster mayonnaise and ice cream," she replied with a laugh. "This is to be my dinner as well as my luncheon, for I am staying in town to-night and shall have only a scratch meal of my own foraging later on."

Meade was busy with the menu.

"Beg pardon," he said; "but I don't think I quite caught on about your dinner. Aren't you going to stay with somebody? You aren't going to a hotel alone, are you?"

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She shook her head.

"No; I'm going to stay at our own house on Beacon Street," she said. "I have a dressmaker's appointment early in the morning, as I had to-day, and I didn't think it worth while going down and coming up again. I do so hate the cars in hot weather."

Meade looked at her dubiously.

"I don't think your idea a very good one," he responded. "Is there any one in the house?"

"Only an old caretaker, deaf as an adder. But I'm not afraid. I'm not at all timid, you know. It would be rather worth one's while to burglarize me to-night, however," she went on, dropping her voice to a lower key, "for I came up to-day partly to go to the Safe-Deposit for mamma's diamonds; she is going to let me wear them at the Duncan's fancy ball. They are rather valuable, you know. I wish I could show them to you; they are such beauties. I have them here"—laying her hand on the small bag which she had placed on the table close to her—"but of course it wouldn't do to take them out, even cautiously, in such a public place."

The young man regarded her with marked disapprobation in his blue eyes.

"I should think not," said he. "Why, Miss Lawrence, I really don't see how your father ever came to consent to your doing such a risky thing as to spend the night in an unoccupied house with such valuable things in your care. It strikes me as a most unheard-of thing."

The girl laughed lightly.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "No one knows that I am going to be there, or

even if any one should see me going into the house they would not dream that I had valuable jewels with me."

He shook his head again, still firm in his opinion.

"I don't know about that. You girls are so careless. You may tell some one just as you have told me, in confidence. But that other person may be less discreet than I and repeat it to somebody else. Promise me, at least, that you will say nothing more about it to any one. I feel really very uneasy about the matter. It seems to me that your father ought not to have permitted it, if you will forgive my saying so."

She laughed again at his anxiety.

"Oh, papa knows nothing about the diamonds," she replied carelessly. "Mamma and I arranged all about them, and even mamma doesn't know that I took them out to-day. She told me to go for them the last thing to-morrow, on my way to the station. But I thought it might be even hotter then, and, as I had plenty of time to-day, and wanted to go down early in the morning for a lunch at the Dabneys', I concluded it would be better to get them at once. It will be all right; I'm not a bit afraid."

Her luncheon came at that moment, and Meade applied himself to other topics while it was being served. Then, after the waiter had withdrawn to attend to the requirements of another table, he again reverted to the subject.

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"Miss Lawrence," he said earnestly, "I really do feel most uncomfortable about your passing the night alone in that empty house——"

"You forget the caretaker," she interrupted with a mischievous smile.

But he failed to be propitiated by her levity.

"Seriously, and all joking aside," he continued, a tinge of color creeping into his cheeks as he spoke, "it is not right, and I wish you would let me send my mother to persuade you to become her guest for the night. We are not fashionable people in our home life, Miss Lawrence, but my mother's a brick, and I'm sure she would make you comfortable and be delighted to do it."

Elsie Lawrence's charming face grew suddenly grave. She appreciated the offer at its full value, and was grateful for it, although it made no impression upon her determination.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Meade," she responded. "I should enjoy meeting your mother immensely, and I don't doubt she would do everything possible for me, but, really, I look upon this experience to-night as quite a lark, and would not give it up for worlds."

He saw that her willfulness was not to be shaken, and abandoned the attempt; but his blue eyes continued to look so troubled and serious that the girl was rather touched by his consideration for her. She leaned forward a little across the table, with a most engaging air of confidential intimacy that caused the young man's pulses to quicken pleasantly, and murmured softly:

"As you are so good as to feel worried about me, Mr. Meade, I will set your fears at rest by telling you what a safe place I am going to hide the diamonds in, and then perhaps you will have a better opinion of my discretion." Here she threw a little look of chiding into her brown eyes, which rendered them even yet more provoking, and went on: "Mamma always has fires laid ready for lighting in every fireplace in the house. My idea is to hide the cases under the logs at the back of the hearth in my chamber. No one would ever dream of looking there for them, I'm sure. So you see that even if the house should be entered—of which there isn't the least probability—nothing more terrible would occur than a scare to myself, and that you doubtless think my hardihood deserves."

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She drew back and took up her fork with a little air of triumph, as of one who should say, "See how you have misjudged my caution!" but, while Meade could not forbear smiling, his gravity deepened almost to annoyance.

"There you go again," said he rebukingly. "You shouldn't have divulged your scheme, even to me."

Her laughter rang out so involuntarily that she felt she had outraged the conventions, and was surprised at her own indiscretion.

"But I couldn't help it!" she exclaimed apologetically. "It was your own fault. Pray, is it your intention to burglarize me yourself?"

"I might be led into revealing your scheme as the brilliant conception of an original mind," he retorted. "I am dining to-night at the Tavern Club with John Trowbridge, and his hobby is the purely imitative nature of the female imagination. It would be such a splendid argument to annihilate his theory with."

The brown eyes confronting him grew liquid and melting now.

"Even such temptation mustn't lead you to betray me," said she, arresting a bit of cold grouse on its way to her mouth. "Remember, I trust you."

"And me only," returned he. "Promise me that, please, Miss Lawrence."

She lifted her glass, against whose sides the ice tinkled pleasantly. "And you only," she answered with a smile.

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They had been so engrossed with each other and with their subject that they had failed to notice the entrance into the room of a very good-looking man in white flannels, who wore a Vandyke beard, and had a somewhat worried and preoccupied expression in his gray eyes, nor did they become conscious of his presence until he paused close beside their table and accosted them.

"Hallo, Elsie!" he exclaimed. "What on earth brought you up from Beverly to-day! How d'ye do, Meade?"

There was a trace of irritation in his voice, but the heat of the day was enough to make

—she reached her point of observation too late

the most dulcet voice sound impatient, and Grafton Lawrence's tones never erred on the side of excessive smoothness. The girl returned the salutation with a curt nod.

"You sound cross, Gart," said she coolly, for this cousin was not a favorite with her. "What's up? Going to sit down here?"

There was not much warmth in her interrogation. But perhaps he was not accustomed to any great degree of fervor in her address and so did not notice the lack of it. At all events, he calmly appropriated the third seat at the table without further urging.

"Yes," he assented in a matter-of-course tone. "By Jove! This is simply awful, isn't it?"

"Awful," they both assented.

Lawrence ran three fingers of his left hand down the inside of his wilted collar, between it and his short beard, and drew his neck away from it with an upward jerk of the head. His crimson face wore anything but an amiable expression, and neither of his companions felt that his presence added anything to the hilarity of the occasion.

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"Where's your father, Elsie?" he asked abruptly. "Why on earth didn't he come up to-day?"

His cousin drew herself up with a little haughty movement, and stared at him with an expression of inquiring surprise that bordered on resentment.

"Because he didn't choose to, I suppose," she returned. "You speak as though papa were a delinquent office-boy, Grafton. I presume he thinks he has earned the right to play truant if he wants to."

The frown deepened on Lawrence's brow.

"Oh, don't be touchy, Elsie!" he exclaimed. "It isn't likely I should dream of calling your father to account, even if I wanted to, but it is confounded unlucky for me, all the same, that he took to-day of all days to stay away from the Board. Montana's gone to the very deuce this morning," he added explanatorily, biting his upper lip nervously.

Elsie and Meade had been exchanging surreptitious winks and blinks of amusement at their companion's obvious ill-temper. The young fellow's face was still a-light with merriment and his eyes were a-twinkle with humor as the older man addressed his final remark to him. His jaw dropped heavily, and every line of his countenance underwent a change before Lawrence finished.

"What?" he said dully, as if he had only partially heard the other's speech.

"Dropped twenty points," Lawrence growled with a gloomy nod.

"Montana?" It was as if he could not credit the news.

"Went to smash all of a sudden, like a rotten pear. Almost a panic on the Exchange and in the bucket-shops—where've you been not to have heard of it? But I don't suppose you railroad people are much interested in mines."

He had turned his attention to the menu now and spoke absently. Therefore the pallor which suddenly made the handsome young face beside him look gray and sick escaped his observation. Elsie noticed it, however.

"Mr Meade," she said, "has this been bad news to you? You look quite ill. Oh! I hope not!" Her charming face expressed real solicitude.

Meade tried to cover his anxiety with a would-be indifferent manner.

"Well, it is not the best news in the world," he replied with a ghostly smile curving his stiff lips. "But it might be worse."

Lawrence looked up from the order he was filling.

"Been plunging a bit on your own account?" he asked, in a sort of mocking way, for which Elsie suddenly felt she hated him.

Meade gave a short laugh.

"Only a trifle," he answered.

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Elsie leaned forward, sweet womanly pity filling her soft brown eyes.

"Oh, I'm very sorry, Mr. Meade," she said, almost tenderly. "I'm very, very sorry indeed."

Oliver Meade paused a moment before replying. The blow had been a severe one. On the advice of a friend, professedly in the confidence of some of the great copper kings, he had put every cent he owned into this stock, buying it on margin. Since his initial venture the stock had risen sufficiently to enable him to carry it easily. A drop of a few points he could have stood without embarrassment, but this sudden slump would completely ruin him unless he could beg, borrow or steal money enough to put up the requisite amount of margin until the stock should recover itself, as he believed it was bound to do. But he was without resources. His mother was comparatively poor, and of the friends which his social promotion had brought him he could not possibly think of borrowing. It was ruin, nothing more nor less, that he was contemplating as he sat there.

But he had too much pluck to cry baby before a girl. Therefore he rallied his spirits, albeit his self-possession was a little errant, and his troubled mind seized inadvertently upon the first irrelevant subject that occurred to it.

"Don't mention it, Miss Lawrence," he begged. "You'd be amused at the extent of my loss. It isn't a patch upon the value of those diamonds you are going to gamble with to-night."

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Lawrence had been surveying the other occupants of the room with inquisitive glances. He turned quickly at Meade's words and looked inquiringly at the girl.

"What's that? What about diamonds, Elsie?" he asked.

She laughed aloud.

"There, Mr. Meade," she cried banteringly; "what have you to say now? Who let the cat out of the bag this time?"

Half an hour later the three emerged from the hotel together.

Lawrence was carrying the leather satchel containing the jewels.

"I shall see you safely home, at least, Elsie," he said, as they came out upon the sidewalk. "And if I had not promised to go out and spend the night with the Dunnings, at Milton, I should carry these things down to Beverly to-night myself. As it is, I think you had better let me put them in the safe at the office until to-morrow."

The girl, who was used to having her own way in most things, began to look annoyed.

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"See here," she said, "I really wish that you two men wouldn't talk any more nonsense about those diamonds. If you keep on you will end in making me really nervous about the things. Those jewels are going to spend the night on the hearth in my bedroom, and nowhere else, so that ends it. Besides, in the present state of the stock market, I don't believe it would be altogether safe to leave articles of such value in your hands, Gart. You've evidently been hit, and you might hypothecate them; is that the right word?"

She laughed lightly. Then held out her hand to Meade.

"Well, good-by; you go that way, don't you, Mr. Meade? So glad to have met you. It has been quite delightful. I do hope Montana will have recovered itself by to-morrow. I must tell papa to come up and give it a lift."

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They both laughed. He lifted his hat and parted from her gayly, facing financial death while in her presence with the heroism of a soldier. He stood for a moment watching with wistful eyes her retreating figure as it passed up School Street. How charming she had been! How attractive, how gentle? He had always admired her; suddenly he had come to feel her lovable beyond most women. Should he ever again be able to meet her on the equal terms which his present position as Winston's private secretary and *protégé* had enabled him to adopt?

Perhaps the bitterest feature of this sudden impoverishment that had overtaken him was the necessity it entailed of his resigning the much-coveted berth which he had been so fortunate as to secure. The disastrous results of his speculation would be manifold. Chief among them would stand that loss of social prestige which he had so greatly enjoyed. Oh, if he had but the worth of those diamonds which she treated so lightly, little dreaming that their value would restore to a man all those things whose loss meant worse than total extinction to him! He groaned, turned on his heel, and went on his way down the street.

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Meanwhile Lawrence and Elsie were sauntering leisurely down Beacon Street. The girl's house was east of Charles Street, and they gained it shortly. It looked inviting under its shroud of ivy and woodbine, with the great open space of the Common stretching its woodland suggestiveness before it. As they approached it Elsie said:

"My latchkeys are in the bag, Gart. Give it to me and I will get them."

"I have mine," he returned, and thrust his hand into his pocket, bringing forth a silver ring from which dangled a jingling bunch of keys.

"Oh, of course; I forgot," said she, for she was quite well aware that Lawrence, being her father's confidential clerk as well as intimate relative, was furnished with the means of admitting himself to the house whenever business or inclination prompted him to do so.

"I'm awfully sorry for Oliver Meade," she remarked as they loitered a moment together on the doorstep before parting. "I don't believe he can afford to lose much."

"He's in the same boat with a good many others," returned her companion, with scant sympathy.

"Did you lose much, Gart?" she asked.

"I stand either to make a pile or to lose every penny I own," he answered. "It all depends on whether I can strike Billy Seward for a loan this afternoon. Don't say anything to your father about it, Elsie. He's opposed to my speculating."

The brown eyes into which he was gazing looked very sorrowful.

"Oh, dear, how dreadful!" she exclaimed. "What fools men are to run such risks."

"If none did your mother probably wouldn't have those pretty trinkets to lend

"Well, good-by, Elsie. Take good care of them—and of yourself," he added

She stooped without a word, and seizing the tongs dug them unexpectantly into the ashes.

her charming daughter," he returned, with a glance at the bag as he delivered it over to her. "Well, good-by, Elsie. Take good care of them—and of yourself," he added, as an afterthought, which was quite a natural sequence, for it was so he ever reflected upon her in his thoughts—her goods, those potentially hers as her father's heiress, first, and herself as a woman and possible wife, last.

The house was refreshingly cool and comfortable. The old charwoman was at her post and greeted her with effusion. As she established herself a little later in a big, leather-covered lounging-chair in the spacious library, Elsie concluded that town in midsummer under certain conditions was not so bad a place after all.

Still she was not impatient of the interruption when, at about half-past five, the doorbell rang and Oliver Meade presented himself. He apologized for the intrusion, declaring that he could not rid himself of his uneasiness regarding her, and had come to try to persuade her to become his mother's guest for the night. But she was not to be shaken in her resolve to remain where she was, and the young fellow, finding his entreaties vain, had too much tact to remain for any long interval practically alone in the house with her. After a few moments, therefore, he rose to leave the big, pleasant apartment, for she had taken him up into the library on the second floor.

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"Will you be good enough to let yourself out?" she asked, as they said good-by. "If so, I won't go down."

He assented, and they parted, she going presently to the window to watch him mount the hill. But she reached her point of observation too late; he was already out of sight.

"How can a person be so energetic in such weather!" she exclaimed. "But how nice he is!—and how thoughtful of me!"

In the middle of the night she thought she heard a furtive sound in her room, but being drowsy from the heat of the day, after listening a few moments without further result she turned over and went to sleep again. Somewhat later she started from her slumbers wide awake. There was a noise as of some person or thing moving about in the direction of the fireplace. Being a woman, and so a rodent-hater, her first thought was of mice.

"The house has been vacant so long, and they always come when we are away," she told herself, and lifted herself very cautiously on her elbow to peer over the footboard. She needed all her self-control to suppress the cry of horror that rose to her lips as her startled gaze discovered the cause of the disturbance.

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She had left the gas burning dimly in the hall that, in her solitude, she might not be in utter darkness. This threw a feeble light into the chamber—feeble, but yet sufficient to reveal perfectly to her the form and profile of the man who knelt upon the floor there before the hiding-place of her jewels, bending forward over the hearth, with groping hands thrust into the ashes beneath the unfired logs. She could have sworn to his identity under oath in a court of justice. It was Oliver Meade.

Her nervous force gave way beneath the shock. Something keener, sharper, more agonizing than the discovery that a mere acquaintance whom she had trusted was a thief, and she his victim, smote her. A more intimate disappointment in this one special man stabbed her to the heart.

Slowly, without a sound save a gentle sigh of expiring consciousness, she sank back inertly upon her pillows, and lay supine and senseless until the man had left the room. When, after an interval, she came to herself again, it seemed as if life returned with a great rush. She sprang to her feet, threw a wrapper about her, and sped to the neighboring room where the deaf charwoman lay.

"Get up," she shouted in her ear, having shaken her awake. "I want you to come with me while I search the house. I have been robbed of my mother's diamonds."

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But the investigation was fruitless. Bidding the old woman go back to bed, she returned to her chamber, dressed herself, and sat waiting for morning, planning how she should confront the man who had so grievously betrayed and robbed her, and charge him with his villainy. For it seemed to her that a new capacity for hatred had been born within her, begotten of his baseness, and she longed to accuse him herself and see him cringe and shrink before her glance.

At eight o'clock the old woman made her a cup of coffee, and she then sent her out to call a cab. She was going to that home into which he had hoped, doubtless, to entrap her the easier to fulfill his purpose. She was afraid to miss him if she waited longer. Besides, her eagerness would not brook further delay.

She went downstairs and opened the front door, starting back with a sharp cry of dismay as she came face to face with Meade, who was ascending the steps. Her face grew hot with sudden shame for him, and a moment her hatred halted, while an inconsistent womanly pity for him routed every other sensation. He looked rather pale and wan in the bright morning light, but it was she who betrayed confusion and consciousness of guilt.

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Meade raised his hat with a smile.

"I could not rest until I had been to see that all was well with you," he said.

For a moment a sick misery held her speechless. Then:

"Come in," said she, and threw the door wide open. After all, it might as well be here and now as at any other time and place.

He followed her into the shrouded drawing-room, wondering somewhat at her abruptness, for it never occurred to him that she might have seen him at his work. She drew up a shade with a sharp snap, and then came quite close to him. White and resolved, without preamble or circumlocution of any sort, she put to him a question which at the same time was a charge.

"Where are my diamonds?" asked she.

His face grew very white. One instant he hesitated, after which he said in a cool, steady voice:

"Where you yourself put them, I presume—in the fireplace."

She made a quick, impetuous, upward motion with her right hand, as if to check him.

"Don't lie to me!" she cried sharply.

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It was as if she had struck him with that pretty girlish palm. His handsome face grew sullenly red.

"Miss Lawrence!" he ejaculated protestingly.

"Were you not in my room last night?" she went on, as if she had not heard him.

He remained silent.

"You were," she asserted. "I saw you!"

At this the color forsook his cheeks and brow. The hue of death seemed to settle in its place.

"Oh, my God!" he said, beneath his breath. Then he forced a wintry smile to his lips. "You were dreaming, Miss Lawrence. I will guarantee to replace the jewels if they are not where you put them. Let us look! Come."

It had not occurred to her to search her hiding-place after seeing Meade at work there. Nevertheless, she was convinced that this was but a blind to divert suspicion from himself. Still, she followed him.

She noted that he took the way to her chamber unerringly, which circumstance added to the burden of proof against him. Reaching the chimney-place, he dropped silently upon his knees in front of it, reminding her so forcibly of her discovery of him in that attitude the night before that she shuddered. He was about to thrust in his hand beneath the logs when a sudden thought restrained him, and he rose to his feet.

"No, you must do it," he said, still with that chilled smile on his pale lips, "or you will accuse me of legerdemain as well as of burglary. Please look for yourself."

She stooped without a word, and seizing the tongs dug them unexpectantly into the ashes, scattering the gray dust about the hearth. The irons struck an object. Bending lower, she put in her right hand and grasped what lay concealed there. Slowly, dazed as if from dreaming, she drew forth the pasteboard box in which she had sheltered the jewel-cases from dirt. Yet unconvinced, she proceeded to open it, thinking Meade had rifled the caskets of their contents and replaced them within the box. In turn she unclosed these—yes, in truth, there they were, the beautiful, brilliant, scintillating things, each ornament properly bestowed upon its velvet bed.

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The girl stood regarding them helplessly, while complete stillness reigned in the room. Presently she raised her eyes almost affrightedly to Meade's. "Please tell me," she stammered, "what does it mean? You were in my room last night. I must either believe that or that I am mad."

He bowed his head gravely.

"I was," he acknowledged; "it is useless for me to deny it, though I hoped you might never discover it. And I was in your vestibule till daybreak. Forgive me for it. I found it impossible to leave you unprotected in this big, lonely house when I parted from you yesterday afternoon, and so I hid myself in the drawing-room all night. I admit that I took a liberty."

Still she looked perplexed, but that heavy weight of grief and misery was fading from her heart.

"Yet I do not understand," she pursued. "What were you doing in my room?—at this fireplace?"

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He waited a few moments before answering her, deep in thought. He knew that he must betray another man if he attempted to restore her confidence in him by explanation. Was he called upon to sacrifice his own good name, her faith in him, a possible crown of glory whose reflection he thought he could already perceive dawning in those sweet brown eyes, in order to shield from her knowledge the fact of another man's attempted crime? And yet to reveal to her the wretched fact that the man from whom he had recovered the jewels which he had restored was her own cousin! He could not do it. He must put her confidence in himself to the test.

"Miss Lawrence," he said, "you owe me some compensation for the injustice you have done me. Render it by sparing me the necessity of enlightening you further. To do so I must incriminate another man. Will you not trust me, even now?"

There was an instant's pause, while they stood regarding each other gravely. Then she said slowly, but very earnestly: "With all my heart," and blushed as she considered the full meaning of her words.

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Wanted: A Chaperon

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

Part Two

A FEW days later Mrs. West stood in the crowd on the platform at Jersey City awaiting a train from the West, and holding in her hand a handkerchief of azure silk, of which the duplicate was to be waved by her arriving charge. Her heart beat with an excitement it had not known for a long time.

She had not many moments of uncertainty. Even without the blue banner that bore down upon her in the hands of the prettiest creature in the throng, she would have recognized the original of the portrait.

Miss Cecily Mordaunt, beaming with complacency, was attended by a man—gaunt, middle-aged, uncouth, with every sign of adoration of his companion written upon his countenance.

"You—you have got your maid?" asked Gwendolyn, peering about in search of that natural protector.

"Maid? Never had such a thing in my life," laughed Cecily. "And what would ha' been the use, when Mr. Lenvale would insist on escorting me every step of the way? We stopped in Chicago two hours, and took a hack and drove round to see the sights. I never was so surprised to see any one as Mr. Lenvale. He stole a march on the others and sat in the smoking-car, and came in to join me when East Ephesus was well out of sight. It almost seemed as if I had to have him, to carry all that truck."

"That truck" was an assortment of faded flowers, bonbons and baskets of fruit—with railway reading enough to stock a stall.

"They kept bringing it until the train moved off. Papa made me promise none of them should come along, but I couldn't help Mr. Lenvale, could I, now?"

"I have a carriage waiting on the other side of the ferry. We shall ask Mr. Lenvale to put your belongings into that, and then we shall not trouble him further," said Gwendolyn, in her soft, articulate voice. Poor Lenvale, although she smiled kindly, saw that his doom was sealed.

"He's a fright, isn't he?" said heartless Cecily as they drove away uptown. "I'm really tired to death of him, but it wouldn't do exactly to let him know. When I saw you holding that blue handkerchief my heart was in my mouth with surprise. You look about as old as I am, or a very little older. 'Thank goodness she's young and pretty, and how well her clothes fit!' I said to Mr. Lenvale. When papa told me about you I cried for twenty-four hours without stopping, and all the girls came round to sympathize. I supposed you were a prim old party with a whalebone back. Look here, now! Would you mind my kissing you?"

A week later they sailed for Genoa. Gwendolyn had engaged to attend them a courier-maid, certified against seasickness and as possessing phenomenal accomplishments in the science of hotel bills and tips.

Senator Mordaunt, just then held in the vise of an important committee of inquiry over which he presided, had agreed to run over on a night train, breakfast with his daughter, see her off on the steamer, then hurry back to Washington. But as breakfast-time arrived, instead of the Senator, a telegram, at sight of which Cecily first stamped her foot, then cried.

"I knew it! I have always had telegrams when I wanted my father most," she said. "He can't get off, so sends me his blessing, and his compliments to you. Who wants to be blessed by telegraph?"

She was such a big, healthy, buoyant, fun-making being it was impossible to think of her as one who could suffer seriously or

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MISS ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN,

who has achieved an enviable reputation as a story-teller, comes of an Old Colony family that has lived for many years in Duxbury, Massachusetts, only a little distance from where the redoubtable Miles Standish fought his battles with the Indians two hundred and fifty years ago. Miss Train has been writing for ten or a dozen years. Her earlier literary work included several translations from the French, among them The Apostate, The Shadow of Doctor Laroque, and Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries. A few years ago she contributed to one of the magazines a clever novelette, entitled A Social Highwayman. It was this that first made her known to the reading public, and since its publication she has been steadily rising in popular favor.

long, but Mrs. West saw that she loved her father, and during a day or two of the voyage lamented for him in silence.

It was rough off the coast, the skies dull, the company depressed. Gwendolyn lay most of this time in her berth, committing Cecily to the care of the courier-maid, and feeling too reckless of outer things even to read the letter from Washington marked "private and confidential" that had come aboard by special delivery as the ship was about to leave the dock. She had seen that it was from Mordaunt, and was full of injunctions about his daughter. It would keep.

On the afternoon of the third day out the skies had cleared; sunshine fell warm and bright across the decks; there was a faint, sweet, far-away promise of spring in the light and steady breeze. The cabin passengers, to a man, woman and child, felt its reviving influence. Creeping up on deck, Gwendolyn nestled into her chair, looked lazily across the rail, and bethought her of her letter.

After she had finished it she sat wondering. For the first time she realized the magnitude of her task. This was the cry of a strong man's heart for the right guidance and protection of his only child. Too late had come to him consciousness of the fact that Cecily had been left to environments that had done her mischief. She had been on the verge of running away to marry a Mr. Parker Moffat—a crack baseball player—a young man encouraged by her silly, sentimental aunt.

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The one worth talking about among her admirers (who made her the acknowledged sovereign of hearts in East Ephesus) had been flouted by her so successfully that it was hardly likely Angus McCrea would ever present himself to Mrs. West's notice. Should he do so, he was the sole representative of their body whom Mordaunt would be willing for Cecily to receive. Any overture from Moffat must be incontinently quashed.

"And he is my 'obliged and faithful J. Mordaunt,'" quoth Gwendolyn. "Well, I feel as if I had brought an explosive machine on board. I am afraid my charge is nothing more nor less than an incorrigible flirt."

The rest of the voyage proved this indubitably. From the Captain, who had her seated at table at his left hand, to the officers, great and petty, the deck stewards, the sailors with swabs, and the little cabin boys, every male thing belonging to the good ship was at Miss Mordaunt's beck and call.

The unmarried men among the passengers—including a missionary going out to Asia Minor, a German Baron, a magnate of Wall Street nursing a weak lung, a silk merchant from lower Broadway, two artists and a popular young author—surrounded her chair like a swarm of bees. The married men did the same whenever they were released from supervision by their wives; but it was a remarkably tranquil voyage, and the women were ordinarily all on deck.

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Gwendolyn's sense of propriety suffered under such fierce publicity. Miss Mordaunt's sayings and doings were bandied everywhere. The people aboard who were previously known to Mrs. West set afloat the story that her comet was a cousin or niece going to join her family. Most of these good folk thought it would be a happy day for Mrs. West when she could surrender her charge and fold her hands in repose.

Vigilance—perpetual vigilance—was evidently to be the price of Gwendolyn's peace. The overwhelming spirits, the reckless sayings, the audacious doings of Cecily began at breakfast time and ended not till Gwendolyn forced her to go below, at bedtime. And the distressing part of it was that the chaperon found herself, too, laughing at the girl's nonsense—giggling helplessly, irrepressibly. Cecily affected her like champagne or St. Moritz air.

At Gibraltar Miss Mordaunt said she was going to cable to her papa. When they were off again in the Mediterranean she threw her arms around Gwendolyn's neck and admitted that she had cabled to some one else besides papa. No coaxings could induce her to say more than this, and Gwendolyn felt uncomfortable. At Genoa the girl received two cable messages, sent in care of the Captain of the ship, who delivered them to her with massive gallantry.

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From that moment it seemed that Cecily's spirit of mischief had broken loose worse than before. Mrs. West and the courier-maid, both of whom were secretly and deeply devoted to her, were kept forever on the alert to watch her vagaries. Upon the tourist track of Europe she left behind her a coruscating trail of anecdotes.

As the summer progressed Gwendolyn resigned herself to being a marked woman, as the guardian of the most original young person who had appeared in the best-known haunts in a generation. It was marvelous to see how Cecily's slang, loud speaking and dressing, and petty offenses against good breeding had dropped away from her. The outer shell of her became conventional, but that was all.

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When the handsome and well-born Marquis de San Miniato followed them to Luzerne, and asked Mrs. West for the hand of her charming charge in marriage, Gwendolyn felt herself pulled up as with too hard a curb.

"Of course you will not consider him," she said, much more confused than was the heroine of the hour.

"I *was* thinking a little of getting married in Italy in the fall," answered Miss Mordaunt pensively. "A wedding would be so sweet in that lovely old Duomo at Florence. And I couldn't have it in the Duomo unless I married a Catholic, I suppose."

"Cecily!"

"Gwen, dear, you can't do it. You haven't the cut of a chaperon's jib. Why, San Miniato took us, first, for a pair of schoolgirls, and Mimms for our governess. You're a failure, and I'm a terror, but we *have* had a good time, haven't we?"

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"Cecily, your father—I have an idea he would dislike this more than anything you could do. Don't, don't answer Miniato now. Let me tell him to go to America and see your papa. That is the only decent thing to do."

"The others—all but one—asked *me* first," said Cecily dimpling. "But it's a shame to tease you, poor, dear little soul. Send Miniato packing, if you like. I don't generally—right away. I keep them on as friends, like poor Mr. Lenvale, till I can't stand them a minute longer. Anyhow, old Miniato's a goose to think I'd marry out of my own country and live away from papa."

Gwendolyn had the tact to say nothing. In a moment Cecily began again.

"You've been so awfully good to me, Gwenny. If I had had a mother I'd have wanted her to be like you. But my mother died when I was born, and I had no one but an aunt and grandmother, who—papa couldn't get along with them, and I don't blame him. He has been awfully generous—but kept away. You know he has made money himself, but he inherited a lot from his mother's brother on condition he'd change his name. The Mordaunts were an older family than the Atwells, and my uncle didn't want them to die out——"

"Atwell! It can't be possible!" cried Gwendolyn. "John Rufus Atwell?"

"Yes, that was his full name. Did you ever know him?"

"Once, long ago," said Gwendolyn, in a maze of astonishment.

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"I want to tell you a secret—if you won't ask me a single question in return," went on the girl, filled with her own affairs. "Although not to San Miniato, I am really going to be married. I've left my heart, my real heart, at home with the best fellow in the world. When I got to Gibraltar, I kept a promise I'd made to him and cabled out that he might come to us in September. By the time we get to Paris he'll be there, and then, Gwenny, then—oh! You'll be a jolly, easy-going chaperon, and I the happiest girl in the world. Now I'm off to take Mimms for a perfectly horrid little walk, to see Thorwaldsen's Lion. If I ever get home to blessed East Ephesus I'll walk out by myself after dark—see if I don't!"

Gwendolyn's face, when she was left alone with these surprising revelations, was very pale. After deliberation she took out a cable code Mr. Mordaunt had given her for exigencies and patched together words conveying the following message:

> "Fear daughter's intention to marry. Had better come at once. Meet us Paris. Will watch faithfully till then."

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They had found refuge from observation in a quiet and cozy little hotel just out of the Champs Élysées. For some days following their arrival in Paris Cecily had been under a spell of gentleness. She did not again allude to her hopes and prospects, and Gwendolyn, trusting the matter had blown by, said nothing, but never left her side. Cecily did not know that her father was expected. It had been agreed between Mordaunt and his daughter's chaperon to give his visit the air of a happy afterthought.

When the day came that should bring relief to the citadel Gwendolyn breathed a long sigh. Soon after their early breakfast Cecily asked for the company of Mimms to make some purchases at the Bon Marché. She had equipped herself so charmingly, her face and person breathed such radiancy of good health and happiness that Gwendolyn could not resist giving the child a parting squeeze and kiss.

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"I shall wait for you to go in to the second breakfast, dear," she said affectionately.

"Ah, Gwen, how I love you!" cried the girl with a sudden burst. "Never be angry with me; I was not brought up like other girls."

She was gone. The little open cab containing her and the grim Miss Mimms rattled down the stony street to the Elysian Fields. Gwendolyn sighed.

"She has tangled herself in my heart-strings, certainly. I could not bear her to think me treacherous. But my first duty was to *him*."

As the hours passed she grew fidgety, rearranged the ornaments, the flowers, the books in their pretty salon, ran to the window to look at many cabs, and when, at last, the one arrived that contained John Mordaunt, was quite unaware of it.

He was treading on the heels of the garçon who came up to announce him—in her presence before she realized it.

"I knew you long ago through Mrs. Payne, but you could not be supposed to identify me," he said with strong feeling as he took her hand. "You have not changed in the least. And to think that all these years I could not find out whom you had married."

Gwendolyn blushed deeply and drew her hand from his.

"It was so good of you to relieve my anxiety about our girl," she answered. "Now I begin to think she said it to frighten me."

"No matter, since I am here. But where is she—my darling torment?"

Gwendolyn explained.

"Then sit down and let us learn each other all over again," said this taking-for-granted Senator.

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Gwendolyn did not know why she obeyed; the moments flew, she telling, he listening, and vice versa. They were rudely interrupted by the bursting open of the door and the entrance of Miss Mimms, aghast.

"Oh, sir! Oh, m'm!" she cried breathlessly. "I've lost her. For the last hour I've been sitting in the waiting-room at the Bon Marché, as she bid me, and she's never come back. And at last a little boy came and put this note in my hand for Mrs. West, and told me the young lady said I was to go along home to the hotel."

> "My own Gwenny, forgive me," ran the note. "I couldn't bear to meet him in a horrid, ordinary way. We are off on top a tram to take our luncheon at Versailles, and by five o'clock I'll be back and introduce him to you in proper fashion."

"If it's that scoundrel, Moffat, he'll never bring her back!" shouted John Mordaunt. "He well knows she has a fortune from her uncle coming to her on her marriage with no matter whom. He'll get her off somewhere and manage to have a ceremony performed before he is interrupted. He——"

"I believe in Cecily," said Gwendolyn quietly. "Let us, you and I, Mr. Mordaunt, go directly in pursuit of them. Cecily is foolish, reckless, but she would never give you—and me—that pain."

"Then it is you who have made her know herself! God bless you!" said the agitated man. "Ah! Gwendolyn, why did I not have you from the first?"

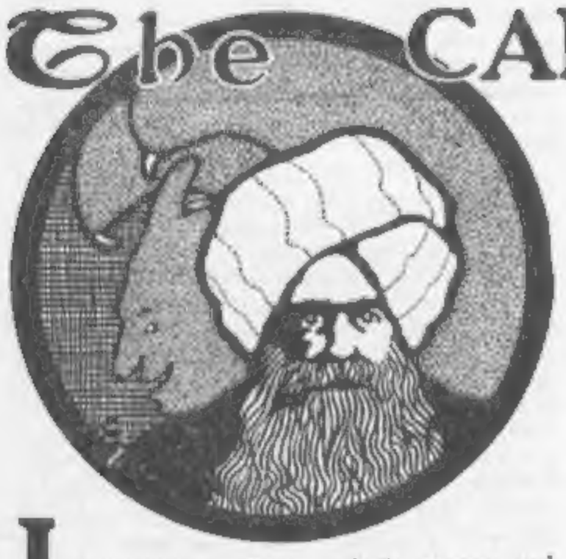
Miss Mimms afterward averred that you might have knocked her down with a feather when, that afternoon, the whole party of four came driving up to the door of the hotel (Miss Mimms had spent most of her day suspended like a banner for royalty out of the windows of the first floor)—he, the young lady's pa, looking like a General, or a Judge, she couldn't exactly say which, but as fine a show of a man as she ever wished to see; Mrs. West, so happy, and smiling just like a little girl that has got a present she'd been crying for; and Miss Mordaunt—well, nobody could beat her for looks and pretty ways. At the very top of the steps didn't she seize Mimms and hug her and introduce her to her "Mr. Angus McCrea, the young man that ran away with me this morning, and that's going to be my husband"?

For Mr. Angus McCrea it was who had wooed Cecily's roving heart into his safe-keeping; a fine, manly young fellow, to whom even John Mordaunt, the discourager of sons-in-law, could not take exception.

"And, at any rate," whispered saucy Cecily, "it's easy to see they were old sweethearts, Gwen and papa. They are so taken up with each other, Angus, you and I might give them a lesson in self-control."

(THE END)

"MAID? NEVER HAD SUCH A THING IN MY LIFE," LAUGHED CECILY. "AND WHAT WOULD BA' BEEN THE USE, WHEN MR. LENVALE WOULD INSIST ON ESCORTING ME?"



The CAPTURE OF SHEITAN

By W. A. Fraser

Pictures by George Gibbs

IF A MAN go into a dark pantry and drink from the first bottle he puts his hand on, he may get wine, or stove polish, or cream, or disinfectant. If he stand well with the gods he may get cream, but the average explorer will hit upon the bottle of disinfectant.

Many offices in India are filled on this dark-pantry plan; and the office of Police Nabob of Calcutta had drawn a queer decoction for its head. Officially, he was not called Police Nabob; that is only a story-teller's license. This story is about the time Eden-Powell was Nabob.

People asked why he had been pushed up to that place; but nobody answered them, and they passed on to other things.

The Nabob was always discovering something—some tremendous conspiracy among the natives. If some caste took to painting their knees crimson, that meant another mutiny was on the tapis, and if Eden-Powell didn't watch sharply the British Raj would be swept out of an Indian existence.

When Sen Mullick gave the *nautch* (dance) out at Hathabad, near Calcutta, Eden-Powell felt that the time had come for him to distinguish himself. A contemplative goat would have characterized the thing he did as stupid, but Powell felt that he had received an inspiration.

Sen Mullick was one of the black sheep the Nabob had written down as second cousin to Nana-Sahib. At this *nautch* there would be some mischief hatched, and he'd find out all about it for himself.

That was why he got the disguise. It was a decorative thing—this disguise—a long, unkempt beard and wig, purchased in detachments from different hairdressers; and an up-country native's outfit of clothes, silk-embroidered vest and all.

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Not a soul knew about it but the Nabob himself. When he had saved the Empire, and could place his hand on the shoulder of the leader of the new revolt, he would declare himself, but not till then.

The beard bothered him a bit—also the wig. They weren't sufficiently attachable, it seemed to him; the soft wires passing over his ears were quite inadequate to the desired stability of the make-up; so he had his bearer bring him from the bazaar an adhesive compound warranted to cement oil and water together.

Eden-Powell lived at the big hotel, and the night of the *nautch* at Mullick's place he went to dinner in evening dress, as usual.

A man can't have all these big things on his mind and contain them without showing a bit queer; so when the Nabob disappeared after dinner he left behind, somehow, an impression that he was going a trifle dotty. It was probably a touch of sun. That is a common enough thing in India; so it would not have mattered much if it had not been used rather extensively in trying to account for the sudden disappearance of Powell later on.

When he left the table he went to his room, packed his disguise in a handbag, slipped quietly down the stairs, passed the *durwan*, walked a block, and engaged a *gharry* (carriage) just by the entrance to Government House. He had done all this in so methodical a manner that the elation of success already began to creep into his marrow. By Jove! if the thing came off he'd get a "C. S. I." or some other tag labeling him as a great man in that land of great men.

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The lean, coffee-colored driver of the *gharry* stretched over in his high-perched seat and looked closely at the Sahib who had ordered him to drive to Sen Mullick's. That was diplomatic; for it was a good four miles to Mullick's place, and some of the Sahibs were painfully indifferent as to their ability to pay for the luxury of a cab. The look satisfied Sunda. The Sahib was round-faced and fat, therefore prosperous; the clothes were such as capitalists wore.

Satisfied as to the prospect of pay, Sunda labored faithfully with expressive Hindu adjectives and a long-lashed whip at the skinny *tats* (ponies) that pulled his *gharry*.

Inside, Powell Nabob attached himself to his disguise. It was a laborious undertaking, inducing much profane thought, for the gum-arabic, or whatever he had got from the bazaar, clung to everything it touched with an appalling persistency. A porous plaster was like the touch of velvet as compared with the amorous embrace of the wig and beard on Powell's head and face. He felt that whatever else befell, the hirsute part of his disguise would stick to him. Also was he tolerably certain of the lasting qualities of the tan skin-dye he rubbed on face and hands.

He chuckled softly when he thought of the consternation it would spread among the conspirators when they knew that the Police Nabob had been among them.

When Sunda arrived at Mullick's he jumped down, opened the *gharry* door, and peered into the interior with a broad smile of welcome on his face for the fat, chubby, youthful Sahib who had done him the honor of selecting his *gharry*.

An old man, who could have given many points in disreputable appearance to a hill fakir, emerged from the inner darkness. Sunda drew back with a weird feeling of most uncomfortable astonishment. He took another look into the *gharry* for the fat Sahib with the pleasant face. He had gone—vanished. There was only the disheveled thing in much-tangled hair and native garb.

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Then Sunda knew. The passenger he had carried was *Sheitan*, the evil spirit, who sometimes rode with *gharry wallas* before a great ill fell upon them.

The driver's lean, big-jointed knees tipped toward each other in drunken desolation. He clung to the door of the *gharry*, and steadied himself, as a harsh, thick voice muttered from the mastic-matted beard the order, "*Bhilo!*" (wait for me).

Eden-Powell passed into Mullick's *compound* (garden), and Sunda climbed wearily up to the battered seat of his arklike vehicle. There is not much charm in the ungilt life of a *ticca gharry walla*, but at that moment the misery of Sunda's existence was intensified a hundredfold. Why had *Sheitan* selected him as a victim-host? Years before, Sunda had sent his child-wife to sleep with a dose of *datura* (poison), but it was so long ago that it could not be because of that. Even Baloo, who drove the big chestnut horse with the white face, and had also brought a fare to Mullick's *nautch*, could offer him no consolation when he told of the Satanic passenger. "It will bring you evil, brother," Baloo said. "It is always that way when he rides—evil, evil, nothing but evil."

Then Baloo thought of something. "We will go and see Baboo Chunder Dey. He knows of these things, for they are written in the books he reads—those that are of our speech, and also those that have come over the black water from *Bilati* (England)."

Where one Baboo is thin, nine are fat and ponderous. Chunder Dey was one of the nine-tenths, and his mind of a greasy solemnity. "If they both said it was *Sheitan*, it might even be so, for the incongruosity of this thing was expatiated upon in the theosophical and metaphysical publications." That was what Baboo Dey said with grandiloquent unction, for next to *ghee-battened* food the Baboo loves complex English. Sunda saw at once that Chunder Dey understood the thing. Sunda's simple ways were no match for the Evil One, but with Baboo Chunder it was quite different.

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Chunder pulled at his *hookah* (pipe) in reflective gasps. The *hookah* bubbled back like a laden camel, and the drivers waited.

"Why not catch this *budmash* (bad fellow)?" asked Chunder Dey at length. "There will be much gain in that—also honor. If *Sheitan* is reincarnated, and gets into your *gharry* again, Sunda, we may catch him."

And while Eden-Powell sat among the others and watched the *nautch* and listened for words of sedition, the Baboo gathered unto himself twelve lusty hirelings from the bazaar and instructed them as to the capture of Sunda's passenger. He carefully concealed from them the fact that this was supposed to be *Sheitan*.

When Eden-Powell left the *nautch* in disgust at the paucity of mutinous conspiracies he found Sunda waiting for him. He got into the *gharry*, and about a mile out ran into a real, live, up-to-date mutiny. He had discovered it in reality; his long-dreamed-of revolt had materialized. That India was in a blaze from one end to the other he never doubted; but what concerned him more immediately was that he was considerably mauled, most effectually bound and gagged by means of an evil-smelling breech-cloth shoved into his mouth, carried off, and cooped up in a little heathen temple called Ootypara.

The capture had been most successful. Sunda was overjoyed; he promised to carry Chunder Dey back and forth to the city free of charge for a whole year.

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Eden-Powell's bag containing the evening clothes had been left in his *gharry*—that was all that was left of the round, fat Sahib the Evil One had spirited away. Sunda took the clothes down to the Hugli, and threw them in the river. The bag he sold in Rada Bazaar for three rupees, and thus secured payment of his fare in a roundabout way.

A sampan boatman fished up the clothes and turned them over to a policeman. The policeman took them to the station, and there was read on the band "Eden-Powell." Also Eden-Powell was missing. It was really useless to look for him, for was not all this proof that he had drowned himself? Everybody suddenly remembered that the Nabob had been queer for a long time. The second mutiny fad had unhinged his mind to a certainty, and the night he had disappeared he had been quite mad at dinner—quite mad; all remembered that. To drag the Hugli would be like dragging the clouds—as useless. A six-mile current and a flood and ebb tide made an undertow that sucked down big ships when they touched bottom as though they were egg-shells.

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Eden-Powell was drowned; there was no doubt whatever about that. The notice went out, and a new man was put in his place. Chunder Dey read of these things, and fed his prisoner, *Sheitan*, through a hole in the door of the temple at Ootypara, and in no-wise connected him with the Nabob of the Calcutta Police.

That Eden-Powell was furious is one way of putting it. He even tore down little bits of plaster from the strong, brick walls in his rage, and shied them at the fat, greasy face of Chunder Dey as he gazed at him through the square opening in the door. But that made no difference to the Baboo.

It took his mind many days to determine what he should do with his captive. At first Powell concealed his identity; it would hardly do to have it known that he had been shut up by a Bengali Baboo. His prestige would be gone, and he would simply have to leave the force.

At last, when he saw that there was small prospect of getting out, he told Chunder Dey that he was the Police Nabob. At this the Baboo smiled solemnly and said:

"Eden-Powell, the Police Nabob, is dead. He drowned himself in the river, and they have found his body. I am a 'B. A.' and have read these things in the publications."

"Who the deuce am I, then?" asked the prisoner.

"You are the Evil One," answered the Baboo, blinking his cow-eyes at Powell.

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Powell tried to remove the beard, but it was like a fresco that had been set in mortar. The skin he might pull off, but there was no severing the hair from it. His disguise had been a most emphatic success.

Many natives heard of the capture of the Evil One, and came and stared with charming unconventionality at Powell, and passed uncomplimentary remarks. The Nabob was a good linguist, and these remarks revealed themselves to him in all the beauty of the native vernacular. The trend of most of the criticisms on his personal appearance was that he was not even a respectable looking *Sheitan*—did not come up to their conception of that awful incarnation.

Then the Baboo sat down and wrote a letter to the "Powers" in Calcutta anent his captive. He knew enough of official life to

"DOES HE UNDERSTAND ENGLISH?" ASKED THE VICEROY

realize that if he hoped for any *kudos* (glory) for himself in the thing he must get at the Chief Magistrate, else the underlings would cheat him out of the credit of it; so he addressed his letter to the Viceroy.

Of course, the Baboo was clear enough as to what he meant to convey in his epistle, but it can't be said that the production elucidated that point very satisfactorily. He wrote:

"By Your Excellency's providential favor, last night the Satanic ruler of the place where also Pluto will catch Your Excellency's enemies, did come among us at the time of Sen Mullick's *maulch*. I, who am Baboo Chunder Dey, B. A., am solicitous of an appointment in a Government office by the favor of the Sahibs, did advise Sunda to forcibly take possession of said *Sheitan*.

"Also in said *gharry* was the bag, which I have not taken, or perhaps Sunda has sold.

"Your Excellency will know that this agent of Pluto, who is *Sheitan*, did project himself from the body of a fat Sahib, and is even now, with hirsute adornments like Your Excellency has seen, a much penitent fakir.

"Your humble petitioner craves and humbly begs that Your Excellency will advise as to the adjustment or otherwise of the Evil Spirit who is now in the possession of your slave."

That was pretty much the state of the letter signed by Chunder Dey, and delivered by hand at Government House.

The Secretary to the Viceroy read it more or less, and was on the point of consigning it to the waste-basket when he remembered that the Viceroy had a penchant for gathering unique and original manuscript as evolved from the brain of a Baboo; so he submitted it to Her Majesty's representative with the remark that the writer was evidently a large consumer of *bhang* or opium, or both.

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Every Viceroy has some predominant fad, and Lord Roma's was the ever-engaging investigation of native character as allied to things spiritual. There was an incongruous air about this idea of a Bengali Baboo having captured the King of Evil that tickled the Viceroy's fancy immensely.

He sent for Chunder Dey. The Baboo left his *durwan* to guard Eden-Powell, and presented himself before Lord Roma, feeling that, at last, the gods had sent him fortune.

The august presence of the ruler of all the Indies unnerved him, and his account of the capture of *Sheitan* was a marvelous bit of disjointed imagination. The thing he had captured by the aid of twelve stout henchmen had descended from the clouds to the top of Sunda's *gharry*. Sunda, who always spoke the truth, would bear him out in that, he asserted. That was near to the house of Sen Mullick. Then the thing that was assuredly *Sheitan* had one minute been like a Sahib, and the next like a dog, and finally it was an evil-looking fakir.

Everybody had run away because their livers turned to water in fright; only he, Chunder Dey, had remained, and captured this that was *Sheitan*. No one had helped him, because they were afraid; only the twelve stick men had been of assistance at the time of putting him in the temple which is at Ootypara. He had done all this for the good of the Sahibs, and their religion; and if His Excellency would be kind enough to

—and the night he had disappeared he had been quite mad at dinner —quite mad; all remembered that

pass an order for his appointment in the Revenue Department it would be well.

Taken all together, it seemed to be enough to interest even the Viceroy. So Lord Roma ordered that a policeman be sent out to bring in this crazy fakir whom Chunder Dey had locked up in the temple. "They may kill the poor fellow, you know," he said to Lord Dick, the Secretary.

An order was passed to Police Constable "C 914" to proceed in a *gharry* to Hathabad and bring in the native fakir from the Ootypara temple.

"C 914" was a red-faced Irishman lately recruited from a sailing ship, and he felt considerably the importance of this his first real constabulary commission. When Eden-Powell saw the rosy face of "914" at the wicket in his prison door he called out blithely, "How are you, my man?"

Where one Baboo is thin, nine are fat and ponderous. Chunder Dey was one of the nine-tenths, and his mind of a greasy solemnity

"No familiarity, ye h'athen," responded "914" scornfully. "Say 'Sir' when ye see a Sahib, or ye may get yer fuzzy head cracked, ye black spalpeen."

The Nabob gasped in astonishment. "I'll fix you for this insolence," he said with a fine return to his old pompous self.

"Insolence, ye dirty fakir ye!" exclaimed "914," his Irish dander getting up. "An' ye'll fix me! I've heard that as soon as a naygur in this country learns English he gets cheeky, an' I belave it now."

By this time the constable had the door open, and producing a pair of steel handcuffs from his pocket, rushed at the prisoner as though he were going to take a fall out of him in the Greco-Roman style. The new constable wasn't an adept at putting on the bracelets, but he had the strength of a bull, and soon Eden-Powell was securely shackled and considerably shaken up.

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"I'll discharge you from the force for this," he said pantingly as the constable with no gentle hand dragged him along toward the *gharry*.

"Oh, yes," replied "914" derisively, "you'll do all that, an' sack the Viceroy, too, perhaps, ye English-spakin' beggar of a native. Come, get in here, me Circassian beauty," he added, prodding the Nabob in the ribs. "An' it'll be better form for you to be talkin' yer own native *bahi* than gallivantin' with broken English."

Eden-Powell was horror-struck. He would rather die than that all this should get out. He felt like exasperating the Irishman until the latter murdered him. Once or twice on the long drive to Calcutta he tried to enter into conversation with his guardian, but the latter, sitting bolt upright, ordered him to shut his bazoo, or talk to the native driver in his own language.

"It drives me fair mad," he said, "to hear you naygurs talkin' English. It was the likes of you that murdered all the women an' children in the 'black hole.'"

When the Nabob tried to remonstrate, "914" jabbed him in the ribs again with the end of his baton and told him to hold his whisht. Baboo Dey followed behind in another *gharry*.

Lord Roma had ordered that the fakir be brought straight to Government House, for he had become deeply interested in the affair, and wanted to see just why the natives had pitched upon this man as a representative devil.

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In under the pink-yellow stucco gate, lion-topped, "914" passed with his prisoner, and up the steps that led to the imposing guardian in crimson and yellow who held possession of Government House door; "914" stated his orders; the crimson-gold native disappeared, returned, and said: "Lord Sec'tary Sahib sends salaams."

They passed in, Chunder Dey with them, and, after a wait of twenty minutes in a hall, were ushered into the presence of the Viceroy.

Eden-Powell started impetuously forward when he saw the Viceroy and Lord Dick, the Secretary, sitting there. The powerful hand of "914" brought him back with a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck. "Kape still, ye h'athen," he hissed in his ear. "Salaam the Lord Sahib."

Chunder Dey salaamed obsequiously and addressed the Viceroy. "Your Excellency, this is the maker of all evil, *Sheitan*."

"Bring him closer," replied the Viceroy.

It was like a nightmare to Eden-Powell. If he gave his name or were recognized the farcical absurdity of the thing would be sufficient to cost him his place, he felt sure. If he didn't he might be sent to jail as a troublesome fakir. It was a terrible situation; as bad as a mutiny.

"Does he understand English?" asked the Viceroy.

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied Eden-Powell.

The Viceroy gave a slight start at the sound of the voice. It was most assuredly very Englishlike. Powell saw the keen gray eyes fixed upon him with a peculiar intensity of expression. "Your Excellency, this is all a mistake——" began Powell, when "914" interrupted him. "Kape still, ye scut! Answer when ye're spoken to, and kape yer tongue atune yer teeth."

"What are you saying, officer?" queried the Viceroy, not hearing plainly.

"He's like a parrot with his English, Your Excellency," replied the constable, saluting.

"What's your name?" the Viceroy asked.

"I can't give it, Your Excellency," replied Eden-Powell hesitatingly.

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As he spoke the gray eyes again flashed upon Powell like the rays of a fluorescent lamp. Eden-Powell started—surely the right Viceregal eye had closed in a subdued wink. He had never heard of a Viceroy winking; it seemed incompatible with the awful dignity of the office, but that right lid had most certainly drooped. Then Lord Roma spoke again. "Well, never mind your name; we'll get that later. You speak English well; where did you learn that?"

"At Harrow-on-the-Hill—I mean over in England, Your Excellency."

Again the upper lid of the Viceregal eye stumbled and fell down, completely curtaining the steel-gray of the eye. There could be no doubt about it this time; Eden-Powell knew a wink when he saw it—that is, when he saw it the second time. What it meant he didn't know, but a wink always telegraphs the information, "Go slow."

The Viceroy turned to Baboo Chunder Dey: "What makes you think this is *Sheitan?*" he asked.

From the mass of voluble information the Baboo poured out he gleaned that it was chiefly the personal appearance of the fakir that inspired the Baboo with his belief. Also Sunda had declared that he had reincarnated himself several times in his presence.

"I don't blame the Baboo," hazarded Lord Dick; "this chap certainly looks more like the Devil than anything I ever saw."

"He's a bad one, Your Lordship," chipped in "914." "He puts on as much stoile as an evictin' landlord."

Now Lord Dick was an Irish landlord himself, and a ripple of laughter passed through the soul of the Viceroy at this shot of the constable's. But "914" was oblivious to that; he was possessed with the desire to get much punishment for the cheeky fakir.

"I think," said the Viceroy, speaking to the Baboo, "that you are quite right in your surmise; and are quite deserving of that appointment because of your services to the State over this matter. You will see that the Baboo receives a clerkship in the Revenue Department," he said, turning to Lord Dick, "as reward for capturing the Devil. You may go, Baboo."

Chunder Dey salaamed his thanks, and walked out on soft, springy air. His feet smote heavily on the polished floors, but he knew it not—he felt that he was swimming.

Eden-Powell listened in blank amazement, and was about to remonstrate when the hard, polished end of the baton passed persuasively across three ribs of his right side. That and the memory of those two winks induced him to keep his mouth closed.

When the Baboo had gone the Viceroy addressed "C 914." "I think, officer, that this fakir is probably quite harmless; not at all the evil one the Baboo would have us believe. You may leave him there in that room on the right. I will have the case looked into by the proper people. You can take the—ah—the—ah—handcuffs off his wrists; then you may report to your Inspector that you have left him in my charge."

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"C 914" placed Powell in the room indicated, took off the bracelets, gave the prisoner a frightful scowl, saluted, and marched solemnly out.

Then Lord Roma stepped into the room in which had been placed the fakir, closed the door deliberately and said: "Well, Mr. Eden-Powell."

The Nabob's knees collapsed, and he said imploringly: "You know, then?"

"Ah! I was not mistaken, then," interrupted the Viceroy blandly. "I thought I recognized your voice when you first spoke. May I ask why an officer of Her Majesty's service, occupying the position Mr. Eden-Powell did, appears before me in this plight, charged by a Baboo with being *Sheitan?*"

It was terribly humiliating. Eden-Powell told His Excellency the whole truth.

Later on the information went forth that the victim of Chunder Dey's campaign, the deranged fakir, had been sent off to his own country.

When people saw Eden-Powell in his office again they learned that he had not been drowned at all, but only in the General Hospital for two weeks on sick leave.

Sunda still believes that he carried the Evil One, and Chunder Dey that he captured him, for did he not get his appointment because of that?

Eden-Powell believes no more in putting down young mutinies, single-handed, in a mastic-applied disguise.

The whole thing showed that the Viceroy had a good heart and much sense. He had saved the Nabob's dignity with a wink.

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∴ THE BASHFUL MAN ∴

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

THE most uncomfortable-looking person at a reception or a musicale is the one who hasn't any small talk. He is more uncomfortable at the musicale because there is more chance for conversation there—particularly if there are many piano numbers.

If he is with some one who can do the talking herself he is all right, for then he can listen; but if his partner be also short of small talk then is their condition pitiable. He racks his brains for something to say. He has read that the weather is tabooed. Ah, if it were not, what a lot of things he could say! He wet his feet yesterday, and the day before he sat in a draft—why, there are endless possibilities in our weather.

He sits and gazes at his *vis-à-vis*, his eyes getting more and more feverish each moment. His mind is now a blank. Not because he is a fool, but because he is shy. At last he makes a momentous discovery. The fireplace in the front parlor is larger than the one in the back parlor.

Mr. White (with enthusiasm): "Why, have you noticed that the fireplace in here is a different size from the one in the front parlor?"

Miss Purple (glad as he of a subject): "Why, no; I hadn't noticed it. It is, isn't it? I wonder why."

Mr. White (elated): "I'm sure I don't know. Maybe they were built at different times. Do you carry measurements in your head, well?"

Miss Purple: "No, I'm awfully stupid about them. Why do you ask?"

Mr. White: "I was wondering how much difference there was between the fireplaces."

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Miss Purple: "We might ask Mrs. Trouville." (Calls to the hostess, who is passing.) "Mrs. Trouville, do you know how much bigger this fireplace is than the one in the front parlor?"

Mrs. Trouville: "Why, I don't think there's any difference. Why do you ask?"

Mr. White: "We were—having quite a talk about it. I thought this was bigger—no, I mean the other."

Mrs. Trouville: "I think they're identical." (Presents a new man to Miss Purple and takes Mr. White off to meet "an awfully nice girl.")

Mr. White's heart sinks. He was getting along so swimmingly on the subject of the fireplaces. He feels he was quite bright, and maybe this new girl won't care to talk about fireplaces at all. However, the plunge must be made.

Mrs. Trouville: "Miss Green, let me present Mr. White."

Mr. White: "Charm—— I've been having quite a discussion with Miss Purple about the fireplaces."

Miss Green: "Is it a riddle? I adore riddles."

Mr. White: "No—er—I mean these fireplaces. Don't you think this one is bigger than the other?"

Miss Green (who is not bashful): "I never gave them any thought. Did you hear Siegfried?"

Mr. White (who is not musical). "No, I rarely attend lectures. I think that the front firepl——"

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Miss Green: "Been to the Water Color?"

Mr. White (in a blue funk): "What do you mean?"

Miss Green: "The exhibition."

Mr. White: "Oh—oh, no. I thought you said water cooler. I was wondering——"

Miss Green (maliciously): "What were you wondering?"

Mr. White (blankly): "I was wondering whether they meant to make those fireplaces different, or if it only happened so."

Miss Green: "It must have required a good deal of study. Are you fond of reading? Ever read the Elsie books?"

Mr. White (flushing): "I've just finished Stevenson's works for the third time."

Miss Green (with fervor): "Oh, are you fond of Stevenson?"

Mr. White: "Well, rather."

(They plunge into a spirited talk and fireplaces are forgotten. At last Mr. White feels perfectly at ease. Miss Green is thoughtful and bright, and he wishes the evening were to be twice as long.)

Mrs. Trouville: "Miss Green, may I present Colonel Foxglove? Mr. White, I want you to meet Miss Stave, the composer."

And Mr. White is reduced to fireplaces again.

LIFE AS A FINE ART
A STUDY of the IDEAL CHARACTER

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

TO LIVE CONTENT with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony. WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING

AMONG those gifted spirits who have toiled tirelessly to carry the individual life up to unity, symmetry and beauty, let us hasten to mention the name of Channing. The child of genius, he was gifted with a literary style that lent strange fascination to all his speech. But great as he was in intellect, his character shone with such splendor as to eclipse his genius. He was of goodness all compact.

Early the winds of adversity beat against his little bark. Invalidism and misfortune, too, threatened to destroy his career. But bearing up amid all misfortune, he slowly wrought out his ideal of life as a fine art. Patiently he perfected his dreams. Daily he practiced frugality, honor, justice, faith, love and prayer. He met storm with calm; he met provocation with patience; he met organized iniquity with faith in God's eternal truth; he met ingratitude and enmity with forgiveness and love.

At last he completed his symphony of an ideal life, that he hoped would help the youth and maiden to make each day as perfect as a song, each deed as holy as a prayer, each character as perfect as a picture. For he felt that the life of child and youth, of patriot and parent should have a loveliness beyond that of any flower or landscape, and a majesty not found in any cataract or mountain, being clothed also with a beauty that does not inhere in Canova's marble and a permanency that is not possessed by Von Riles, a structure builded of thoughts and hopes and aspirations, of tears and prayers, whose foundation is eternal truth.

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THE FOUNDATION OF HAPPINESS

In founding his ideal life upon contentment with small means, Channing pleads for simplicity and the return to "plain living and high thinking." He would fain double the soul's leisure by halving its wants.

Looking out upon his age, he beheld young men crazed with a mania for money. He saw them refusing to cross the college threshold, closing the book, neglecting conversation, despising friendship, postponing marriage, that they might increase their goods. Yet he remembered that earth's most gifted children have been content with small means, performing their greatest exploits midst comparative poverty.

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The Divine Carpenter and His immortal band dwelt far from luxury. Poor indeed were Socrates, the reformer, and Epictetus, the slave, and Virgil, the poet. Burns, too, and Wordsworth and Coleridge, with Keats and Shelley—all these dwelt midway between poverty and riches. When that young English scholar learned that his relatives had willed him a fortune of £5000 he wrote the dying man begging him to abandon his design, saying that he already had one servant, and that added care and responsibility meant the cutting off of a few minutes for study in the morning and a few minutes for reflection at night.

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A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY

Here are our own Hawthorne and Longfellow—"content with small means." Here is Emerson resigning his church in Boston and leaving fame behind him, that upon the little farm at Concord he might escape the thousand and one details that robbed his soul of its simplicity. Here is Thoreau building his log cabin by Walden pond, living on forty dollars a year because he saw that man was being "destroyed by his unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with much furniture and tripped with his own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, whose only hope was in rigid economy and Spartan simplicity."

Ours is a world where Cervantes writes Don Quixote living upon three bowls of porridge brought by the jailer of the prison. The German philosopher asked one cluster of grapes, one glass of milk and a slice of bread twice each day. Having completed his philosophy, the old scholar looked back upon forty happy years, saying that every fine dinner his friends had given him had blunted his brain for one day, and indigestion consumed an amount of vital energy that would have sufficed for one page of good writing.

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A wise youth will think twice before embarking upon a career involving large wealth. Some there are possessed of vast property whose duty it is to bravely carry their heavy burden in the interest of society and the increase of life's comforts, conveniences and happiness. Yet wise Agur's prayer still holds: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Whittier, on his little farm, refusing a princely sum for a lecture, was content with small means. Wendell Phillips, preferring the slave and the contempt of Boston's merchants and her patrician society, chose to "be worthy, not respectable." Some Ruskin, distributing his bonds and stocks and lands to found workingmen's clubs, art schools and colleges, that he might have more leisure for enriching his imagination and heart, chose to "be wealthy, not rich." Needing many forms of wisdom, our age needs none more than the grace to "live content with small means, seeking elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion."

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THE WORLD A WHISPERING GALLERY

When the sage counsels us "to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages," he opens to us the secrets of the soul's increase in wisdom and happiness. All culture begins with listening. Growth is not through shrewd thinking or eloquent speaking, but through accurate seeing and hearing. Our world is one vast whispering gallery, yet only those who listen hear "the still, small voice" of truth. Putting his ear down to the rocks, the listening geologist hears the story of the rocks. Standing under the stars, the listening astronomer hears the music of the spheres. Leaving behind the din and dust of the city, Agassiz plunged into the forests of the Amazon, and listening to boughs and buds and birds he found out all their secrets.

One of our wisest teachers has said, "For a thousand eloquent speakers like Demosthenes there is only one great thinker like Plato. For a thousand wise thinkers like Plato, there is but one great seer and listener like Paul. For greatness is vision. Opening his eyes, Newton sees the planets revolve and finds his fame. Opening his ears, Watt hears the movement of steam and finds his fortune. Millet explained his fame by saying he copied the colors of the sunset at the moment when reapers bow the head in silent prayer. The great bard, too, tells us he went apart and listened to find "sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks."

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THE SECRET OF GREATNESS

It is a proverb that pilgrims to foreign lands find only what they take with them. Riding through the New England hills between Salem and Boston, Lowell spake not to his companion, for now he was looking out upon the pageantry of a glorious October day, and he remembered that this was the road forever associated with Paul Revere's ride. Reaching the outskirts of Boston, he roused from his reverie to discover that his silent companion had been brooding over bales and barrels, not knowing that this had been one of those rare days when October holds an art exhibit, and also oblivious to the fact that he had been passing through scenes historic through the valor of the brave boy.

Of the four artists copying the same landscape near Chamouni, all saw a different scene. To an idler a river means a fish pole, to a heated schoolboy a bath; to the man of affairs the stream suggests a turbine wheel. Coleridge thought the bank of his favorite stream was made to lie down upon, but Bunyan, beholding the stream through the iron bars of a prison cell, felt the breezes of the delectable mountains cool his fevered cheek, and stooping down he wet his parched lips with the river of the waters of life. Nature has no message for heedless, inattentive hearers. It is possible for a youth to go through life deaf to the sweetest sounds that ever fell over Heaven's battlements, and blind to the beauty of landscape and mountain and sea and sky. There is no music in the autumn wind until the listener comes. There is no order and beauty in the rolling spheres until some Herschel stands beneath the stars. There is no fragrance in the violet until the lover of flowers bends down above the blossoms. That youth may have culture without college who gives heed to Channing's injunction "to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages."

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Listening to stars, Laplace heard the story how fire mists are changed to habitable earths, and so became wise toward iron and wood, steel and stone. Listening to birds, Cuvier heard the song within the shell, and found out the life history of all things that creep or swim or fly. Listening to babes that have, as Froebel thought, been so recently playmates with angels, the philosopher discovered the teachableness, trust and purity of childhood, the secret of individual happiness and progress. Listening to sages, the youth of today garners into the storehouse of his mind all the intellectual treasures of the good and great of past ages.

STUDY BUT THE BEGINNING OF CULTURE

Then, when the eye-gate, the ear-gate, the touch-gate, all the caravans of knowledge have gone trooping into the soul city, Channing reminds us that these knowledges must be assorted and assimilated by "studying hard and thinking quietly."

If some rich men fill their shelves with books that are never read, some poor men fill their memory with facts upon which they never think. The mere accumulation of truths about earth and air, about plants and animals and men, does not mean culture. No fool is a perfect fool until he can talk Latin. Trying to steal the secret of the honey bee, a scientist extracted the sweets of half an acre of blossoms. Unfortunately, the vat of liquor proved to be only sweetened water, while the bee distilled the same liquor into honey. And it is possible to sweep into the memory a thousand great facts without having distilled one of these honeyed drops named wisdom and culture.

In studying the French Revolution, Carlyle read 500 volumes, including reports of officers, Generals, statesmen, spies, heroes, villains. Then, closing all the books, he journeyed into Scotland. In solitude he "thought quietly." Having brooded alone for weeks and months, one morning he rose to dip his pen in his heart's blood and write his French Revolution. In that hour the knowledge that had been in 500 books became the culture distilled into one.

THOUGHT THE FINAL TEACHER

The youth who plans the life of affairs is in danger of despising the brooding that feeds the hidden life. We can never rightly estimate our indebtedness to those who have gone apart to "think quietly."

All law and jurisprudence go back to Moses for forty years brooding in an empty, voiceless desert upon the principles of eternal justice. All astronomy goes back to Ptolemy, who looked out upon a weary waste of sand and turned his vision toward a highway paved with stars and suns. All modern science begins with that scholar who for fifty years was unknown in the forum or marketplace, for Charles Darwin was "studying hard and thinking quietly" in his little garden, where he watched his seeds, earthworms, his beetles and doves.

The air of London is so charged with deadly acids that the lime tree alone flourishes there, for the reason that it sheds its bark each year, thus casting off the defiled garment. In his dream the poet thought there was a mountain peak in the Himalayas so high that it towered beyond the reach of snows and rains, so that the open page there remained unsoiled through passing centuries. And to those who "think quietly" it is given to rise into the upper air, and, dwelling upon the heights, to look down upon these heated centres, with their soot and grime, their stacked houses, reeking gutters, the din and noise of wheels, the hoarse roar of the clashing streets, and in these hours of reverie the soul marvels that it was ever tossed about upon these furious currents of ambition.

In such hours Fame whispers, "Joy is not in me." Ambition, worn with its strife, confesses, "Joy is not in me." Success adds, "It is not in me." Then from a silent mountain top, where Christ doth dwell, falls that whispered invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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THE DISGUISES OF INFERIORITY

And when the soul has gone toward full-orbed splendor and stands forth with a great weight of manhood, the sage condenses the wisdom of a thousand volumes in his four maxims, "Act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never."

The principle of acting frankly demands proof in the hidden parts, rebukes him whose method is "the iron hand in a velvet glove," smites the Machiavellian policy of "smiling gently while arranging instruments of death." In their ignorance shrewd men advise the youth to cloak his unsung desire beneath an outer indifference. By such artifices and disguises small men protect themselves. Conscious of weakness, inferiority fears frankness. But great men are as open as glass beehives and as transparent as the sunbeams, for they are conscious of their enormous reserves. Nature permits no flower or fruit to conceal its real nature. The violet frankly tells its story; the decaying fruit frankly reveals its nature. No flaming candle pretends to light while emitting rays of blackness. Victories won by concealments are lying victories, and these battles must be fought again. The law of frankness is the law of truth, that is at once the foundation of character, and rounds the structure with strength and beauty.

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Vast issues also are involved in the injunction "to talk gently." Noise is weakness. The rattle of machinery means waste power somewhere. Rushing forward at the rate of thousands of miles an hour, the planets are noiseless as sunbeams, because they represent power that is harnessed and subdued. Silently the dewdrop falls upon some crimson-tipped flower. Yet the electric energy necessary to crystallize that drop would hurl a car from New York to Boston.

Nature's weakest forces are manifest in thunder. Her monarch energies work silently in the roots and harvests, or lift, without rattle of engine or noise of wheel, countless millions of tons of water from ocean into the air. For gentleness is not weakness. Only giants can be gentle.

WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TIME

But the strongest man needs to "await occasions." For the right thing can be done at the wrong time. Preparing telescopes and instruments of photography, the astronomer sails to Africa, and there waits weeks for the moment of full eclipse to come. In February the husbandman finds the sun refusing warmth, the clouds refusing rain, the soil refusing seed, but, waiting "for occasion," lo! in May the soil wakens to full ardor, the sunbeams wax warm, the clouds give forth their treasure, and the husbandman enters into his opportunity.

In his reminiscences General Sherman explains his victorious march to the sea by

EDITOR'S NOTE—Life as a Fine Art is the first of a series of six papers by Newell Dwight Hillis—who will be a frequent contributor to the POST during the present year—on Great Books as Life-Teachers. The remaining articles will appear in early numbers of the POST. The next in the series will be The Tragedy of the Ten-Talent Men.

saying that during his college days he spent a summer in Georgia. While his companions were occupied with playing cards and foolish talk he tramped over the hills, made a careful map of the country, and years later his expert knowledge won his victory.

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But whether waiting or working, man must "hurry never." It is fear that makes haste. Confidence is composed. Greatness is tranquillity. Dead objects, like bullets, can be hurled swiftly. Living seeds cannot be forced. Slowly the acorn goes toward the oak. Slowly the babe journeys toward the sage. Slowly and with infinite delays Haydn and Handel moved toward their perfect music. Filling barrels with manuscripts and refusing to publish, Robert Louis Stevenson attained his exquisite style. Millet described his career as ten years of daubing, ten years of drudgery, ten years of despair and ten years of liberty and success.

Man begins at nothing. Life is a school. Duties are drill-masters. Man's faculties are complex. Slowly the soul moves toward harmony, symmetry and beauty. He who "hurries never" has found the secret of growth, serenity and repose.

If the greatest scientist is he who discerns some law of gravity that explains the forward movement of all stars and planets; if the great historian is he who unfolds one social principle that governs all nations, so he is the greatest moral teacher who discovers some unit idea that sweeps all details into one glorious unity, as did Channing when he said, "Let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common."

All undefined and indefinable the spiritual glow and beauty lie upon the soul, like the soft bloom upon a ripe peach. What song is to the birds, what culture is to the intellect, what eloquence is to an orator, that the spiritual is to character. It is the soul made ample in faculty, fertile in resource, struck through and through with ripeness, and inflected toward Christ's own sympathy, self-sacrifice and love.

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The spiritual element also explains the influence of the highest art. Too many of our modern painters are fleshly. There is mud in the bottom of their eyes. Their pictures are indeed so shallow that a fly could wade through them without wetting its feet. But Fra Angelico, preparing to paint, entered his closet, expelled every evil thought, subdued every unholy ambition, flung away anger and jealousy as one would fling away a club or dagger. There, with face that shone with the divine light, upon his knees he painted his angels and seraphs, and the spiritual breaking through the common lent a radiant glow and an immortal beauty to his priceless pictures.

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LIFE'S CROWNING PERFECTION

Culture can do much, but art, music, books, travel have their limitations. When that brave boy returned from battling with the Black Prince, the tenants gathered before his father's castle and presented him tokens of love and honor. The farmer brought a golden sheaf, the husbandman brought a ripe cluster and a bough of fruit, the goldsmith offered a ring, the printer gave a rare book, while children strewed flowers in the way. But last of all his father gave the youth the title deeds of his inheritance and lent him name and power. Thus the fine arts can beautify thy life, lend culture to reason, lend refinement to imagination. It is God, the soul's father, who crowns life with the keys of influence and power. The secret of character is the secret of Jesus Christ. He can lend reason true wisdom. He can lend taste true refinement. Freeing the soul from sin, He can crown it with strength and beauty. He can make thy life a song, and thy career a symphony.

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The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XIX

AUGUST wore itself out in parched tedium, and a September began which seemed even more unbearable—and still Thorpe did not get away from London.

So far as the payment of an exorbitant rent in advance, and the receipt of innumerable letters from a restless and fussy steward whom he had not yet seen, went as evidence, he knew himself to be the tenant in possession of a great shooting in Morayshire.

The reflection that this sumptuous residence had been his for a month, and that it daily stood waiting for him, furnished and swept and provisioned for his coming, did nothing to help the passing of time in the hot, fagged city. More than once he had said resolutely that, on the morrow, he would go, but in the event he had not gone.

In the last week of August he had proceeded to the length of sending his niece and nephew northward, and shutting up the house in Ovington Square, and betaking himself to the Savoy Hotel. This had appeared at the time to be almost equivalent to his getting away himself—to be at least a first stage in the progress of his own journey. But at the hotel he had stuck fast, and now, on the tenth of September, was no nearer the moors than he had been a month before.

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A novel sense of loneliness weighed grievously upon him. The ladies of Grafton Street had left town upon a comprehensive itinerary of visits, which included the Malvern country, and a ducal castle in Shropshire, and a place in Westmoreland.

There was nothing very definite about the date of their coming to him in Scotland. The lady who had consented to marry him had, somehow, omitted to promise that she would write to him. An arrangement existed, instead, by which she and his niece Julia were to correspond, and to fix between themselves the details of the visit to Morayshire.

Thorpe hardly went to the point of annoyance with this arrangement. He was conscious of no deep impulse to write love letters himself, and there was nothing in the situation which made his failure to receive love letters seem unnatural. The absence of moonshine, at least during this preliminary season, had been quite taken for granted between them, and he did not complain even to himself. There was even a kind of proud satisfaction for him in the thought that, though he had all but completed the purchase of the noble Pellesley estate for Edith Cressage, he had never yet kissed her. The reserve he imposed upon himself gave him a certain aristocratic fineness in his own eyes. It was the means by which he could feel himself to be most nearly her equal. But he remained very lonely in London, none the less.

It is true that a great deal of society was continually offered to him, and even thrust upon him. In the popular phrase, London was empty, but there seemed to be more people than ever who desired Mr. Stormont Thorpe's presence at their dinner-tables, or their little card or river parties.

He clung sullenly to his rule of going nowhere, but it was not so simple a matter to evade the civilities and importunities of those who were stopping at the hotel, or who came there to waylay him at the entrance, or to encounter him in the restaurant. He could not always refuse to sit down at tables when attractively dressed and vivacious women made room for him, or to linger over cigars and wine with their husbands and escorts later on. An incessant and spirited court was paid to him by many different groups of interested people who were rarely at the pains to dissemble their aims. It was impossible to get a sense of companionship from people who cringed to him, and swallowed his affronts and cackled at his jokes with equal docility.

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His sister at the old bookshop exasperated him nowadays to a degree which often provoked within him the resolution to have done with her. He had a score of projects for her betterment, each capable of as many variations and eager adaptations to suit her fancy, but to them all she opposed a barrier of stupidly passive negation. Over and over again she met his propositions with a saying which he could recall having particularly hated on his father's lips, "It's ill teaching an old dog new tricks."

"You ought to have them taught you with a stick," he had said on the last occasion.

She had merely shrugged her gaunt shoulders at him. "You think you can bully everybody and make them crawl to you, but there's no good your trying it on me," she had told him, and he had pushed his way out of the shop almost stamping his feet. It was clear to him at that moment that he would never darken her door again.

Yet now, on this afternoon of the tenth, as he lounged with a cigar and a city paper in his apartment, wondering whether it were too hot to issue forth for a walk to the Park, the irrelevant idea of going round to see his sister kept coming into his mind.

She was the only absolutely disinterested person he knew—the only creature in the world, apparently, who did not desire to make something out of him. She was not at all well off—was, indeed, rather poor than otherwise—and here was her only brother, a millionaire, and in her dumb way she had a sisterly affection for him, and yet she could not be argued or cajoled into touching a penny of his money. He lifted his head and looked abstractedly before him, as if he were gazing at some apotheosis in a mirror.

He beheld all at once something concrete and personal obtruded into the heart of his reverie. An old man had by some oversight of the hotel servants been allowed to enter the room unannounced. He had wandered in noiselessly, and had moved in a purblind fashion to the centre of the apartment. The vagueness of the expression on his face and of his movements hinted at a vacant mind or too much drink—but Thorpe gave no thought to either hypothesis. The face itself—no—yes—it was the face of old Tavender.

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"What are you doing here?" Thorpe gasped at this extraordinary apparition.

"Well—Thorpe," the other began, thrusting forward his head to look through his spectacles, "so it is you, after all. I didn't know whether I was going to find you or not. This place 'as got so many turns and twists to it——"

"But, good Heaven!" interposed the bewildered Thorpe. He had risen to his feet. He mechanically took the hand which the other had extended to him. "What in——" he began, and broke off again. The aroma of alcohol on the air caught his sense, and his mind stopped at the perception that Tavender was more or less drunk.

"Thought I'd look you up," said the old man buoyantly. "Nobody in London I'd rather see than you. How are you, anyway?"

"What did you come over for? When did you get here?" Thorpe put the questions automatically. His self-control was returning; his capable brain pushed forward now under something like disciplined direction.

"Why, I guess I owe it all to you," replied Tavender. Traces of the old Quaker effect which had been so characteristic of him still hung about his garb and mien, but there shone a new assurance on his benignant, rubicund face. Prosperity had visibly liberalized and enheartened him. He shook Thorpe's hand again. "Yes, sir; it must

The face itself—no—yes—it was the face of old Tavender. "What are you doing here?" Thorpe gasped

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

have been all through you!" he repeated. "I got my cable three weeks ago:

"'Hasten to London; urgent business; expenses and liberal fee guaranteed; Rubber Consols;'

"That's what the cable said—that is, the first one—and as you introduced me to those rubber people, I owe it all to you."

His insistence upon his obligation was suddenly almost tearful. Thorpe thought hard as he replied: "Oh, that's all right. I'm very glad, indeed, to have helped you along. And so you came over for the Rubber Consols people, eh? Well, that's good. Seen 'em yet? You haven't told me when you landed."

"Came up from Southampton this morning. My brother-in-law was down there to meet me. We came up to London together."

"Your brother-in-law," observed Thorpe meditatively. Some shadowy, remote impression of having forgotten something troubled his mind for an instant. "Is your brother-in-law in the rubber business?"

"Extraor'nary thing," explained Tavender beamingly; "he don't know no more about the whole affair than the man in the moon. I asked him to-day, but he couldn't tell me anything about the business, what it was I'd been sent for, or anything."

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"But he—he knew you'd been sent for," Thorpe commented upon brief reflection.

"Why, he sent the second cable himself——"

"What second cable?"

"Why, it was the next day—or maybe it was sent that same night, and not delivered till morning—I got another cable, this time from my brother-in-law, telling me to cable him what ship I sailed on and when. So of course he knew all about it—but now he says he don't. He's a curious sort of fellow, anyway."

"But how is he mixed up in it?" demanded Thorpe impatiently.

"Well, as nearly as I can figure it out, he works for one of the men that's at the head of this rubber company. It appears that he happened to show this man—he's a man of title, by the way—a letter I wrote him last spring, when I got back to Mexico—and so in that way this man, when he wanted me to come over, just told Gafferson to cable to me."

"Gafferson!" Thorpe repeated very slowly and with almost an effect of listlessness. He was conscious of no surprise; it was as if he had divined all along the sinister shadows of Lord Plowden and Lord Plowden's gardener lurking in the obscurity behind this egregious old ass of a Tavender.

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"He's a tremendous horticultural sharp," said the other. "Prob'ly you've heard tell of him. He's taken medals for new flowers and things till you can't rest. He's over at—what do you call it?—the Royal Aquarium now to see the dahlia show. I went over there with him, but it didn't seem to be my kind of a show, and so I left him there, and I'm to look in again for him at 5:30. I'm going down to his place in the country with him to-night to meet his boss—the nobleman I spoke of."

"That's nice," Thorpe commented slowly. "I envy anybody who can get into the country these days. But how did you know I was here?"

"The woman in the bookstore told me—I went there the first thing. You might be sure I'd look you up. Nobody was ever a better friend than you've been to me, Thorpe. And do you know what I want you to do? I want you to come right bang out now and have a drink with me."

"I was thinking of something of the sort myself," the big man replied. "I'll get my hat and be with you in a minute."

In the next room he relinquished his countenance to a frown of fierce perplexity. More than the minute passed in this scowling preoccupation. Then his face lightened with the relief of an idea, and he stepped confidently back into the parlor.

"Come along," he said jovially. "We'll have a drink downstairs, and then we'll drive up to Hanover Square and see if we can't find a friend of mine at his club."

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In the office below he stopped long enough to secure a considerable roll of banknotes in exchange for a check. A little later a hansom deposited the couple at the door of the Asian Club, and Thorpe, in the outer hallway of this institution, clicked his teeth in satisfaction at the news that General Kervick was on the premises.

The General, having been found by a boy and brought down, extended to his guests a hospitality which was none the less urbane for the evidences of surprise with which it was seasoned. He concealed so indifferently his inability to account for Tavender, that the anxious Thorpe grew annoyed with him, but happily Tavender's perceptions were less subtle. He gazed about him in his dim-eyed way with childlike interest, and babbled cheerfully over his liquor.

He had not been inside a London club before, and his glimpse of the reading-room, where isolated, purple-faced, retired old Empire-makers sat snorting in the silence, their gouty feet propped up on footrests, their white brows scowling over the pages of French novels, particularly impressed him. It was a new and halcyon vision of the way to spend one's declining years. And the big smoking-room, where the leather cushions were so low and so soft, and the connection between the bells and the waiters was so efficient—that was even better.

Thorpe presently made an excuse for taking Kervick apart. "I brought this old

—where isolated, purple-faced, retired old Empire-makers sat snorting in the silence

fool here for a purpose," he said in a low, gravely mandatory tone. "He thinks he's got an appointment at 5:30 this afternoon, but he's wrong. He hasn't. He's not going to have any appointment at all for—for a long time yet. I want you to get him drunk, there where he sits, and then take a train with him somewhere—any station but Charing Cross or that line—and I don't care where you land with him—Scotland or Ireland or France—wherever you like. Here's some money for you—and you can write to me for more. I don't care what you say to him—make up any yarn you like—only keep him pacified, and keep him away from London, and don't let a living soul talk to him—till I give you the word. You'll let me know where you are. I'll get away now—and mind, General, a good deal depends on the way you please me in this thing."

The soldier's richly florid face and intent, bulging blue eyes expressed vivid comprehension. He nodded with eloquence as he slipped the notes into his trousers pocket.

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With only a vague word or two of meaningless explanation to Tavender, Thorpe took his departure and walked back to the hotel. From what he had learned and surmised it was not difficult to put the pieces of the puzzle together. This ridiculous old fool, he remembered now, had reproached himself when he was in England before for his uncivil neglect of his brother-in-law. By some absurd chance this brother-in-law happened to be Gafferson. It was clear enough that when he had returned to Mexico Tavender had written to Gafferson explaining the unexpected pressure of business which had taken up all his time in England. Probably he had been idiot enough to relate what he of course regarded as the most wonderful piece of good news—how the worthless concession he had been deluded into buying had been bought back from him. As likely as not he had even identified the concession, and given Thorpe's name as that of the man who had first impoverished and then mysteriously enriched him.

At all events, he had clearly mentioned that he had a commission to report upon the Rubber Consols property, and had said enough else to create the impression that there were criminal secrets connected with its sale to the London Company. The rest was easy. Gafferson, knowing Lord Plowden's relation to the Company, had shown him Tavender's letter. Lord Plowden, meditating upon it, had seen a way to be nasty, and had vindictively plunged into it. He had brought Tavender from Mexico to London to use him as a weapon.

But a weapon for what? Thorpe, as this question put itself in his mind, halted before a shop window full of soft-hued silk fabrics, to muse upon an answer. The delicate tints and surfaces of what was before his eyes seemed somehow to connect themselves with the subject. Plowden himself was delicately tinted and refined of texture. Vindictiveness was too plain and coarse an emotion to sway such a complicated and polished organism.

He reasoned it out as he stood with lack-lustre gaze before the plate-glass front, aloof among a throng of eager and talkative women who pressed round him—that Plowden would not have spent his money on a mere impulse of mischief-making. He would be counting upon something more tangible than revenge—something that could be counted and weighed and converted into a bank balance.

Thorpe smiled when he reached this conclusion, greatly surprising a matronly lady into whose correct face he chanced to be looking at the instant, and, turning slowly, continued his walk.

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At the office of the hotel he much regretted not having driven instead, for he learned that Semple had twice telephoned from the city for him. It was late in the afternoon—he noted with satisfaction that the clock showed it to be already past the hour of the Tavender-Gafferson appointment—but he had Semple's office called up upon the chance that some one might be there. The clerk had not consumed more than ten minutes in the preliminaries of finding out that no one was there—Thorpe meanwhile passing savage comments to the other clerks about the British official conception of the telephone as an instrument of discipline and humiliation—when Semple himself appeared.

The broker gave an exclamation of relief at seeing Thorpe, and then, apparently indifferent to the display of excitement he was exhibiting, drew him aside.

"Come somewhere where we can talk," he whispered nervously.

Thorpe had never seen the little Scotchman in such a flurry.

"We'll go up to my rooms," he said, and led the way to the lift.

Upstairs Semple bolted the door of the sitting-room behind them, and satisfied himself that there was no one in the adjoining bedroom. Then unburdening himself with another sigh, he tossed aside his hat and looked keenly up at the big man. "There's the deuce to pay," he said briefly.

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Thorpe had a fleeting pride in the lethargic, composed front he was able to present. "All right," he said with forced placidity; "if he's got to be paid, we'll pay him." He continued to smile a little.

"It's na joke," the other hastened to warn him. "I have it from two different quarters. An application has been made to the Stock Exchange Committee this afternoon to intervene and stop our business, on the ground of fraud. It comes verra straight."

Thorpe regarded his broker contemplatively. The news fitted with precision into what he had previously known; it was rendered altogether harmless by the precautions he had already taken. "Well, keep your hair on," he said quietly. "If there were fifty applications they wouldn't matter the worth of that soda-water cork. Won't you have a drink?"

Semple upon reflection said he would. The unmoved equipoise of the big man visibly reassured him. He sipped at his bubbling tumbler and smacked his thin lips. "Man, I've had an awful fright," he said at last in the tone of one whose ease of mind is returning.

"I gave you credit for more nerve," observed the other, eyeing him in not unkindly fashion over his glass. "You've been so plumb full of sand all the while—I didn't think you'd weaken now. Why, we're within two days of home, now—and for you to get rattled at this late hour—you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

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The Scotchman looked into the bottom of his glass, as he turned it thoughtfully round. "I'm relieved to see the way you take it," he said after a pause. With increased hesitation he went dryly on: "I've never inquired minutely into the circumstances of the flotation. It has not seemed to be my business to do so, and upon advice I may say that the Committee would not hold that such was my business. My position is quite clear upon that point."

"Oh, perfectly," Thorpe assented. "It couldn't possibly be any of your business—either then or now.' He gave a significant touch of emphasis to these last two words.

"Precisely," said Semple with a glance of swift comprehension. "You must not think I am asking any intrusive questions. If you tell me that—that there is no ground for uneasiness—I am verra pleased indeed to accept the assurance. That is ample information for my purposes."

"You can take it from me," Thorpe told him. He picked up a red book from a side table and turned over its pages with his thick thumb. "This is what Rule 59 says," he went on:

"'No application which has for its object to annul any bargain in the Stock Exchange shall be entertained by the Committee, unless upon a specific allegation of fraud or wilful misrepresentation.'

"Shall be entertained, d'ye see. They can't even consider anything of the sort, because it says 'specific,' and anything 'specific' is entirely out of the question."

The delicate tints and surfaces of what was before his eyes seemed somehow to connect themselves with the subject

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The broker lifted his sandy brows in momentary apprehension. "If it turns upon the precise definition of a word," he remarked doubtingly.

"Ah, yes—but it doesn't," Thorpe reassured him. "See here—I'll tell you something. You're not asking any questions. That's as it should be. And I'm not forcing information upon you which you don't need in your business. That's as it should be, too. But in between these two there's a certain margin of facts that there's no harm in your knowing. A scheme to blackmail me is on foot. It's rather a fool-scheme, if you ask me, but it might have been a nuisance if it had been sprung on us unawares. It happened, however, that I twigged this scheme about two hours ago. It was the biggest piece of luck you ever heard of——"

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"*You* don't have luck," put in Semple. "Other men have luck. You have something else—I don't give it a name."

Thorpe smiled upon him and went on. "I twigged it, anyway. I went out and I drove the biggest kind of spike through that fool-scheme—plumb through its heart. To-morrow a certain man will come to me—oh, I could almost tell you the kind of necktie he'll wear—and he'll put up his bluff to me, and I'll hear him out—and then I'll let the floor drop out from under him."

"Aye!" said Semple with relish.

"Stay and dine with me to-night," Thorpe impulsively suggested, "and we'll go to some music hall afterward. There's a knock-about pantomime outfit at the Canterbury—Martinetti, I think the name is—that's good. You get plenty of laugh and no tiresome blab to listen to. The older I get the more I think of people who keep their mouths shut."

"Aye," observed Semple again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Supreme Charity of the World

TRUE charity is not typified by an alms-box. The benevolence of a check-book does not meet all the wants of humanity. Giving food, clothing and money to the poor is only the beginning, the kindergarten class, of real charity. Charity has higher, purer forms of manifestation. Charity is but an instinctive reaching out for justice in life. Charity seeks to smooth down the rough places of living, to bridge the chasms of human sin and folly, to feed the heart-hungry, to give strength to the struggling, to be tender with human weakness, and greatest of all, it means—obeying the Divine injunction: "Judge not."

The true symbol of the greatest charity is the scales of judgment held on high, suspended from the hand of Justice. So perfectly are they poised that they are never at rest; they dare not stop for a moment to pronounce final judgment; each second adds its grain of evidence to either side of the balance. With this ideal before him, man, conscious of his own weakness and frailty, dare not arrogate to himself the Divine prerogative of pronouncing severe or final judgment on any individual. He will seek to train mind and heart to greater keenness, purity, and delicacy in watching the trembling movement of the balance in which he weighs the characters and reputations of those around him.

It is a great pity in life that all the greatest words are most degraded. We hear people say: "I do so love to study character, in the cars and on the street." They are not studying character; they are merely observing characteristics. The study of character is not a puzzle that a man may work out over-night. Character is most subtle, elusive, changing and contradictory—a strange mingling of habits, hopes, tendencies, ideals, motives, weaknesses, traditions and memories—manifest in a thousand different phases.

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There is but one quality necessary for the perfect understanding of character, one quality that, if man have it, he may *dare to judge*—that is, omniscience. Most people study character as a proofreader pores over a great poem: his ears are dulled to the majesty and music of the lines, his eyes are darkened to the magic imagination of the genius of the author; that proofreader is busy watching for an inverted comma, a mis-spacing, or a wrong-font letter. He has an eye trained for the imperfections, the weaknesses. Men who pride themselves on being shrewd in discovering the weak points, the vanity, dishonesty, immorality, intrigue and pettiness of others think they understand character. They know only part of character—they know only the depths to which some men may sink; they know not the heights to which some men may rise. An optimist is a man who has succeeded in associating with humanity for some time without becoming a cynic.

We never see the target a man aims at in life; we see only the target he hits. We judge from results, and we imagine an infinity of motives that we say must have been in his mind. No man since the creation has been able to live a life so pure and noble as to exempt him from the misjudgment of those around him. It is impossible to get aught but a distorted image from a convex or a concave mirror.

If misfortune comes to some one, people are prone to say, "It is a judgment upon him." How do they know? Have they been eavesdropping at the door of Paradise? When sorrow and failure come to us, we regard them as misdirected packages that should be delivered elsewhere. We do too much watching of our neighbor's garden, too little weeding in our own.

Bottles have been picked up at sea thousands of miles from the point where they have been cast into the waters. They have been the sport of wind and weather; carried along by ocean currents, they have reached a destination undreamed of. Our flippant, careless words of judgment of the character of some one, words lightly and perhaps innocently spoken, may be carried by unknown currents and bring sorrow, misery and shame to the innocent. A cruel smile, a shrug of the shoulders or a cleverly eloquent silence may ruin in a moment the reputation a man or woman has been building for years. It is as a single motion of the hand may destroy the delicate geometry of a spider's web, spun from its own body and life, though all the united efforts of the universe could not put it back as it was.

We do not need to judge nearly so much as we think we do. This is the age of snap judgments. The habit is greatly intensified by the sensational press. Twenty-four hours after a great murder there is difficulty in getting enough men who have not already formulated a judgment to try the case. These men, in most instances, have read and accepted the garbled, highly colored newspaper account; they have to their own satisfaction discovered the murderer, practically tried him and—sentenced him. We hear readers state their decisions with all the force and absoluteness of one who has had the whole Book of Life made luminant and spread out before him. If there be one place in life where the attitude of the agnostic is beautiful, it is in this matter of judging others. It is the courage to say: "I don't know. I am waiting further evidence. I must hear both sides of the question. Till then I suspend all judgment." It is this suspended judgment that is the supreme form of charity.

It is strange that in life we recognize the right of every criminal to have a fair, open trial, yet we condemn unheard the dear friends around us on mere circumstantial evidence. We rely on the mere evidence of our senses, trust it implicitly, and permit it to sweep away like a mighty tide the faith that has been ours for years. We see all life grow dark, hope sink before our eyes, and the golden treasures of memory turn to cruel thoughts of loss to sting us with maddening pain. Our hasty judgment, that a few moments of explanation would remove, has estranged the friend of our life. If we be thus unjust to those we hold dear, what must be the cruel injustice of our judgment of others?

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We know nothing of the trials, sorrows and temptations of those around us, of pillows wet with sobs, of the life-tragedy that may be hidden behind a smile, of the secret cares, struggles and worries that shorten life and leave their mark in hair prematurely whitened, and in character changed and almost re-created in a few days.

We say sometimes to one who seems calm and smiling: "You ought to be supremely happy; you have everything that heart could wish." It may be that at that very moment the person is passing alone through some agony of sorrow, where the teeth seem almost to bite into the lips in the attempt to keep feelings under control, when life seems a living death from which there is no relief. Then these light, flippant phrases jar upon us, and we seem as isolated and separated from the rest of humanity as if we lived on another planet.

Let us not dare to add to the burden of another the pain of our judgment. If we would guard our lips from expressing, we must control our mind, we must stop this continual sitting in judgment on the acts of others, even in private. Let us by daily exercises in self-control learn to turn off the process of judging—as we would turn off the gas. Let us eliminate pride, passion, personal feeling, prejudice and pettiness from our mind, and higher, purer emotions will rush in, as air seeks to fill a vacuum. Charity is not a formula; it is an atmosphere. Let us cultivate charity in judging; let us seek to draw out latent good in others rather than to discover hidden evil. It requires the eye of charity to see the undeveloped butterfly in the caterpillar. Let us, if we would rise to the full glory of our privilege, to the dignity of true living, make for our watchword the injunction of the supreme charity of the world—"Judge not."

—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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Heroic Treatment of the Drink Question

IN A LETTER to Lyman Abbott on the saloon question, Bishop Potter takes the ground that prohibition not only does not prohibit, but that it is pharisaical. He charges the prohibitionists with ignorance and hypocrisy, and affirms that the rest of the community—the "Sadducees"—are cynically indifferent. "And over against them both stands the Truth." The Bishop is a man of the world and of culture, a broadminded man, and in most cases tolerant—many think too much so. At all events, what he says has weight, and cannot be lightly set aside.

That the saloon is an evil he admits; but the gist of his argument is that the saloon finds its origin and support in the unregenerate nature of its patrons. This nature cannot be extirpated; it can only and at most be regenerated. In other words, all evil, as well as all good spiritual conditions have their correspondencies in material manifestation; and the saloon is one of those evils which would wither and vanish at once were the soil of the human heart in which it is nourished purified of the qualities which keep it alive. You may close this or that or all saloons and prohibit the sale of liquor; but the number of drunkards would not be diminished. The impulse that leads poor and unhappy men, of dull and monotonous lives, to crave the relief of drink and the crowds and conversation of drinking-places would remain, and would somehow secure its satisfaction. It can only disappear when some adequate substitute is provided, or when lives are no longer dull and monotonous, and men no longer unhappy and poor. This seems reasonable, and is logical; but is it the truth and the whole truth?

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The Bishop and all of us are agreed that the saloon ought not to exist on its merits; but the Bishop's remedy is a mockery, because it cannot be accomplished. Regeneration of society is not to be looked for to-day, nor for centuries, perhaps, to come. Are we meanwhile to put up with the saloon because it is rooted in human depravity? We kill rattlesnakes, though we know that the conditions which generate them must continue. We use disinfectants, though poisonous gases are still produced. There are two ways of attacking human depravity: no doubt regeneration is one way, and the best way, theoretically; but another way, immediately practicable, is to starve it. Men may find relief in saloons; but such relief is not indispensable to their existence, and it creates mischief which more than counterbalances the selfish benefit. The drinker who finds it impossible, or nearly so, to get drink will still crave something to relieve his misery; but will not the very urgency of that craving make him find some deadly way to secure relief? That other ways exist, we know. But these ways have been unable to compete successfully with the saloon way.

If, however, the saloons ceased to be, the competition would cease, and the other ways would be adopted perforce. Once adopted, they would be progressively improved. A vast fund of human energy, now diverted to worse than waste in the hopeless attempt to seek forgetfulness of suffering, would be rendered available and utilized. For the desire to escape from suffering is the main motive power of civilization; the saloon method of escaping it is that of selfish and brutalizing indulgence; the other and only successful method is to exercise and enlighten the mind and soul, and to apply the strength and wisdom thus acquired to the uplifting of the community. And that is the direct path to the regeneration which the Bishop desires; regeneration comes not by thinking, but by intelligent action, and by the faith which such action gradually inspires.

How the saloon shall be suppressed is a question for lawgivers. But drinking to drown care is a sin; it leads to worse sins; and to starve it seems better than to cosset and extenuate it.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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The Indiscreet Revelations of Memoirs

HAPPY were the lovers of long ago whose passionate outpourings were not published by their descendants for the callous amusement of the world. Happy were the friends of long ago whose confidences were not hurried into print as soon as they were safely deposited in their graves. Happy were the soldiers and statesmen, poets and novelists of long ago who could have a toothache in private—like their less distinguished brothers—or who could write home for their winter flannels without the dismal consciousness that coming generations would be informed—on the strength of this direct testimony—the precise date in October when they were wont to put on their heavy woolens. Happy were the sane old days of long ago when the world had not yet been dipped in ink, and when there were still some incidents so insignificant as to be deemed unworthy of attention.

"I never wrote a private letter to any human being," said Macaulay proudly, "which I would not let a bill-sticker chalk up six feet high on Hyde Park wall and stand myself in Piccadilly and say, 'I wrote it.'" Very sensible this, and quite in accordance with the temperament of a man who seldom either spoke or wrote without—as schoolboys disrespectfully phrase it—"holding forth." If we are going to hold forth, by all means let our words be chalked on a wall or roared from a pulpit. Pope, as we know, was so exceedingly anxious that his letters should find their way into print that he planned elaborate and intricate devices by which they might be published during his lifetime. But there are—or there should be—men and women who reserve something for private life; there are—or there should be—confidences denied to the world.

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That a son should deliberately make over to the public the love letters of his father and mother proves that no trust is too sacred for betrayal. That widows and daughters should hasten to print family correspondence, with its homely details, its frank expressions of affection, its total lack of general interest or desirable information, shows we have traveled far from old standards of propriety and of distinction of mind. How can a novelist, or a poet, or a prime minister write the hurried scrawl common to other men? How can he bear to tell his wife he has a cold in his head, or that the laundress hasn't sent home his socks, or that her elderly aunt was more disagreeable than usual at dinner night before last? What items are these to be read in formal print, years after he has escaped alike from aunts and influenza! Above all, how can he dilate with the correct emotions when penning those delicious lines—half inspiration and half idiocy—which are meant for but one pair of eyes in the world, and carry their message to but a single heart!

If a man have any reason to suspect he is going to be famous, he had best be reticent in his love-letters. It may not be pleasant to hear in the Elysian Fields an echo of the faint titter which greets these published effusions.

Nor is it safer, on the whole, to speak than to scribble. There is always some volume of memoirs or correspondence to be reckoned with. There is always somebody who has heard the famous one remark that Dante was a great poet, or that Mr. Gladstone was a great orator, or that balls were a great bore, and who hastens to incorporate these words of wisdom in a chapter of "reminiscences." The inane character of ordinary conversation can never be fully realized until it reappears in print. When it bubbles forth it has something of the freshness of the spring. When bottled up it is flat and dispiriting. The literary bottler refers to it invariably as keen, brilliant, sparkling and animated; but he is prejudiced in favor of his wares.—AGNES REPPLIER.

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Is Civilization Really Worth While?

WHY civilize the Filipinos? Is it a good thing that the Japanese and Chinese, under the touch of Western life, are awakening to "become *as one of us*"? Is civilization worth while? Does it not mean the jostling of these primitive folk out from their placid order into the turmoil of our contentious state? These are questions now being asked, loudly by the pessimist, timidly by the optimist. A gentleman late returned from Japan said: "It seems a pity to disturb the Arcadian simplicity of those gentle people by bringing them into our fevered social and commercial conditions."

It has always been our way, in certain moods, to contemplate with envy the content of ignorance. We sometimes covet the peace of the day-laborer, as he leans back against the wall to snooze in the sun after his morning toil and his midday lunch; he has no carking worry such as ours; he is called from labor to refreshment, and his "little life is rounded with a sleep." We at times count the swine fortunate in his sty when our harassments overwhelm us. But this is all a mistake.

Swine, bumpkin and child are not happier than we, with our troubles of conscience and of duty. They are not so happy as we because they are not so unhappy. The capacity for joy is measured by the capacity for sorrow. Life is no higher than it is deep. The child's laughter is as superficial as his tears. So when the Christ said He came to us that our "joy might be full," we think it is a strange statement, observing Him to be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," until we come to understand that it was only by showing the world how to suffer divinely, how to take the burden of all men's wretchedness within our heart, that we could be taught how to be glad divinely, how to know "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Japanese, Filipinos, Chinese, all heathen peoples, will find the program of Christian civilization to be no primrose path of dalliance. They will enter at once into no ideal social and governmental form, any more than have we ourselves. But the call of destiny has come to them in this nineteenth century, and, will they or nil they, there is for them only to take up their cross and go, through much struggling, to "the joy that is set before them." The larger life of to-morrow can be born only by the travail of to-day.

Salvation—civilization: both mean the rising of man from the lower to the higher life. Salvation is the Father's uplift; civilization is the upward push of mutual effort. The Father's aid comes down by the cross: the brother's aid comes up by the way of the cross. Salvation—civilization: there is neither without Calvary.

—FRANK CRANE.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the last of a series of three editorials which have the unity of a single purpose or single aim. They are Three Rules for Living: Don't Worry, Don't Hurry, Don't Judge.

I—Worry, the Great American Disease, . January 21
II—Hurry, the Scourge of America, . . . April 15
III—The Supreme Charity of the World, . . April 22

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The Peace Conference

THE eighteenth of May has been fixed on as the time of the meeting of the great Peace Conference, and The Hague as the place.

The proposal made by the Czar of Russia, last August, was received with surprise, and in some quarters with doubt. But it has been cordially accepted by every nation to which it was addressed, and every nation so addressed will send delegates to the Conference

Since the Congress of Vienna, when a body of vultures met to determine how they should divide Europe among themselves, no body of men has been invested with any such representative authority as is given to the members of the Congress at The Hague. Indeed, it is without example in the world's history. It seems to be generally understood that each nation may send four delegates. It is certain that each of the great Powers will.

In careless conversation, and in the writing of people who write as carelessly as men are apt to talk, the Conference is frequently spoken of as the "Disarmament Conference." In fact, however, the Rescript says nothing of any changes in the armaments of the world, as they are. It does propose some method—not defined—for permanent peace, and the possible reduction of future armaments, so that the terrible increase of military preparations may be arrested. The Conference is properly called the "Peace Conference," and it will take the world a long step forward if it succeed in uniting in one focus the suggestions that have been made for permanent peace, and stating in one formal statement for all the world "those principles of right and justice on which rest the society of States and the welfare of the Peoples."

This is the Czar's noble language.

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It is the business of those gentlemen and ladies to whom is confided, for their lifetime, the oversight and rule of great States, to read from time to time the great treaties or other documents by which such States define their relations and engagements with each other. The Emperor is able to speak, therefore, from personal knowledge of the treaties made among the great States in the last twenty years, and he refers to the one point which these treaties have in common. Queerly enough, while it has been his duty, and the Pope's and Queen Victoria's, and the duty of other such people in Europe who could be named, to read these great historical documents, there is, under our system, nobody in America who has read them under the sense of duty. There is no man living in America who has for twenty years past been obliged, with a sacred obligation, to know what arrangements the great Powers have proposed among themselves for the establishment of permanent peace in the world. Probably we have statesmen who have studied these documents, but this has been merely for their own pleasure or convenience.

The Czar has read them, and he says:

"In the course of the last twenty years the urgings for general pacification have been especially confirmed in the conscience of the civilized nations. The preservation of peace has been put forward as the object of international policy. It is in its name that the great States have concluded between themselves powerful alliances."

Of the plans which have been thus proposed, it is gratifying to us Americans to know that some of the most prominent have a distinct American origin. In one form or another, these plans, already reduced in form to paper, will undoubtedly be brought before the Conference at The Hague

Our own treaties with England early proposed that certain undecided questions—chiefly of boundary—be left to the decision of arbitrators to be agreed upon by the two Powers.

In later times, the appointment of that august tribunal which made the Geneva decision between England and America will be long remembered. In the eighty-four years since the Congress of Vienna, eighty-six decisions have been made by such temporary "arbitrations" where the special court was created for the special emergency

But such arrangements have in all the eighty-six cases been made on the spur of the moment. They are precisely like the arrangements of the frontier, where two neighbors who cannot agree about the dividing-line of their farms—where is "a certain stake and stones," and where "a certain red oak tree" named in the deeds—agree to leave it to others. These men meet or they do not; they decide if they can, and if they can not, they do not. Then the court is dissolved and never meets again. Such is the court which will give a decision in the Venezuela matter next May

What is now to be hoped for is a permanent court, established by consent of the twenty seven nations, as the thirteen States of North America founded their Supreme Court in 1789.

Edward E Hale

That are Making HISTORY

New Bankruptcy Law a Boon to Business Men

After being in operation for nine months, it is found that the new national bankruptcy law has been productive of much good. It has been of particular advantage to business men operating on a small scale, and has developed a better personal feeling among people involved in business failures.

Since the courts provided a system for voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy there has been a noticeable decrease in charges of fraud, scandals and other wrongs in connection with commercial troubles. The new law aids the honest debtor to reestablish himself, and prevents indiscriminate preferences by a bankrupt in assigning effects to creditors.

Europe Studying Naval Construction in American Shipyards

Up to the present year only Great Britain, Japan and Spain deemed it an advantage to have a professional naval officer attached to their Legations at Washington; France, Germany and Spain had military attachés there, and Russia had a military and naval agent in the person of a soldier

Now, the brilliant achievements of the American Army and Navy are inducing European countries to send here experienced officers in each arm of the service, and most notably in the naval. Great Britain has appointed a military attaché—an officer who made the Santiago campaign with our soldiers—and France and Germany, for the first time, have each detailed a naval officer for Washington

The proved effectiveness of the Navy in construction, armament and personal training and discipline is the prime object of this professional foreign study, for Dewey and Sampson and Schley created new problems which are not yet comprehended abroad.

What gives a keener interest in the study just now is the fact that the United States ranks second among the great Powers in point of war-ships under construction.

Claims Against Spain that the United States Must Pay

Article VII of the treaty of peace provides that

"The United States and Spain mutually relinquish [illegible] indemnity, national and individual, of every kind, [illegible] Government or of its citizens or subjects [illegible] Government, which may have risen since the beginning of the late insurrection in Cuba and prior to the exchange of ratifications of the present treaty, including all claims for indemnity for cost of war. The United States will adjudicate and settle the claims of its citizens against Spain relinquished in this Article."

Under this explicit covenant there have already been filed, in Washington, more than two hundred claims for indemnity, aggregating upward of $20,000,000. The bulk of the claims are by naturalized American citizens of Cuban birth, who held claims against Spain for property "destroyed or confiscated" during the last insurrection.

As yet, no steps have been taken toward a legal examination of these claims, and it is not likely that any will be till the next Congress meets, when an adjudicating commission will probably be appointed to consider each one separately. It is also probable that the general average of settlement will be about fifty per cent.

A Year's Great Work by American Railroad Companies

Railway earnings are everywhere accepted as indices of a country's financial condition, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has given by this means another striking evidence of the remarkable business developments of the past year.

To change a deficit of nearly $1,500,000 into a surplus of more than $42,500,000 in a single year is a wonderful achievement by American railroads. Besides doing this, the operating roads paid dividends amounting to nearly $66,000,000—an increase in the year of nearly $7,000,000.

Three Years Needed to Root American Business Methods in Cuba

While there are hundreds of millions in American money ready and willing to go into Cuba as soon as the field shall have become a safe one, and while it is evident that American methods of business will surely become the standard, the fact cannot be too strongly or broadly impressed that Cuba is no place for a man without money.

Wonders in administration have been accomplished there in the three months of American occupation; but business cannot reach a sound basis till a thoroughly protective government is established, and the Spanish business man has gained confidence in the new methods.

No man has a better comprehension of the situation than Samuel M. Jarvis, the United States fiscal agent, who is working to mould the new financial and commercial policy of the island, and his present judgment is that fully three years' time will be required to put Cuba on a sound business basis from the standpoint of the United States.

Russia Yields to England as an Evidence of Peaceful Intentions

The withdrawal by Russia of its protest against the Anglo-Chinese concession for the New-chwang railway loan has terminated a dispute of nearly a year's duration, and one, also, that has had a continuously threatening aspect.

The quarrel between Russia and Great Britain had become strained to the breaking point, and for several months the mutual mobilizing of strong fleets indicated the only apparent means of settlement.

In yielding to the demands of Great Britain, the Czar is credited with a desire to furnish a striking example of his pacific intentions, on the eve of the gathering of his disarmament congress; but weightier considerations are more likely to have been the real impulse.

This quarrel arose from a loan of $10,000,000, which was to be furnished by British capitalists to connect New-chwang with the Pekin and Kirise system. Seventy per cent. of the trade of New-chwang is already British, and the projected railway link would increase it enormously.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post

I was struck with the truth of the article of recent issue, The Treasured Best of Time

The present generation seems inclined to devote too much time to reading the newspapers. There are a great many people who are wasting valuable time in parading the streets, patronizing the light and trifling plays at the theatres, and devoting too much time to the ever-changing styles.

If we would only stop and consider, in this mad, rollicking race, to what the end of the nineteenth century has brought us, and see the necessity of using every spare minute to our advantage, we could in the latter part of our lives look back on the past and rest on our laurels with the satisfaction of knowing that we did our best. J. H. H

Baltimore, Maryland

[You must not be too severe on recreation; it is part of life—a necessary part. Man is living for the mental, moral and physical welfare of himself and those around him. He wastes time when he disregards any of the three relations. The man who works fifteen hours a day is wasting more time than the one who works but ten, and makes himself stronger for the morrow by the extra time given to rest and recreation, mental, moral and physical. Life is not a sentence to a tread mill—a sentence to be kindly commuted by death.—The Editor]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

I can't tell you how disappointed I was with the editorial, Consuming One's Own Smoke. But the title, not the matter, was disappointing. I thought it was a strong editorial against the cigarette, greater of the two smoke nuisances,—soft coal and cigarettes

Can't you say a good word against cigarettes? Aside from the danger to health, the average cigarette fiend persists in blowing volumes of smoke in ladies' faces. Have we lost entirely the old sentiment of chivalry? NETTIE J

Philadelphia.

[You could hardly apply the editorial on Consuming One's Own Smoke to the cigarette smoker. Really consuming the smoke is the worst part of the smoking; it is a process technically known as "inhaling," which we could never advise. Blowing smoke into ladies' faces would hardly be considered even by a modern Guide to Etiquette as being truly courteous, be the smoke from cigarette, cigar or pipe. No, the old time chivalry is not dead; it is merely temporarily adjourned—or rather, following the trust tendency of the day, it has become absorbed by a few people, so it is therefore less common —The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Eve[illegible]

The comments made by F N E. on the editorial, Where Literature is Loved, gives a wrong impression of farm life

I was a farm girl, hence I also know whereof I write. And not only was I brought up on a farm, but with the exception of the cropping, hauling and fencing, my mother, two sisters and I did all the work that is found to be done on a good, well-stocked farm of one hundred and thirty acres, besides keeping in order a large house. Yet in summer, at the hot noontime or during the long rainy days, we found time to read. In winter we three girls attended daily the school almost a mile away, did our evening work, and settled down before the open fire to read until bedtime, which was nine o'clock winter and summer

It is a false idea to think there is no time nor disposition among country people to appreciate literature and art. There it is truly appreciated, and not only is it appreciated, but it exists in a more or less crude form. If, as F N E. states, "work, [illegible] song of the farm, then why are the [illegible] the chance for perfect development arrives.

Ragtesville, Indiana [illegible]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

Now that the country is rapidly being flooded with trusts would not the people of the United States be protected against trusts if a law was passed prohibiting any and all trusts from selling an article at a price higher than that at which it could be purchased at the time the trust was formed, and is there anything to prevent such a law from being passed?

Chicago, Illinois. L. E R

[Yes. Human nature and the Constitution of the United States. It would also require omnipotence to keep trade conditions in exactly the same status at all times. These ready-made simple master-key solutions are always wrong—or impracticable. A trust is not a simple thing, like an apple, that can be quartered in two strokes. Legal limitation of the price at which all things *must* be sold would be a piece of Government paternalism that true Americans would not tolerate.

All the great necessities of life are more or less in the hands of trusts. Suppose an insect parasite attacked coffee plants all over the world, reducing the crop to one quarter, would it be just to compel the "coffee trust" to sell at the fixed price, established years ago? The late Chino Japanese War closed Formosa and the southern part of Japan, the chief source of the world's supply of camphor; exportation stopped and the price went up like a kite. This affected the manufacture of celluloid, smokeless powder and a host of other things. Could any Government on earth foresee this, could any Government provide for it? This is only one instance of the thousands of phases of injustice to which your panacea would lead.

Without justifying the trusts, or entering or touching on collateral weakness, or entering into any discussion as to whether they are right or wrong, you mistake when you think they lead to higher prices, as is shown by the cheapening of price of illuminating oil, controlled by the Standard Oil Company.—The Editor]

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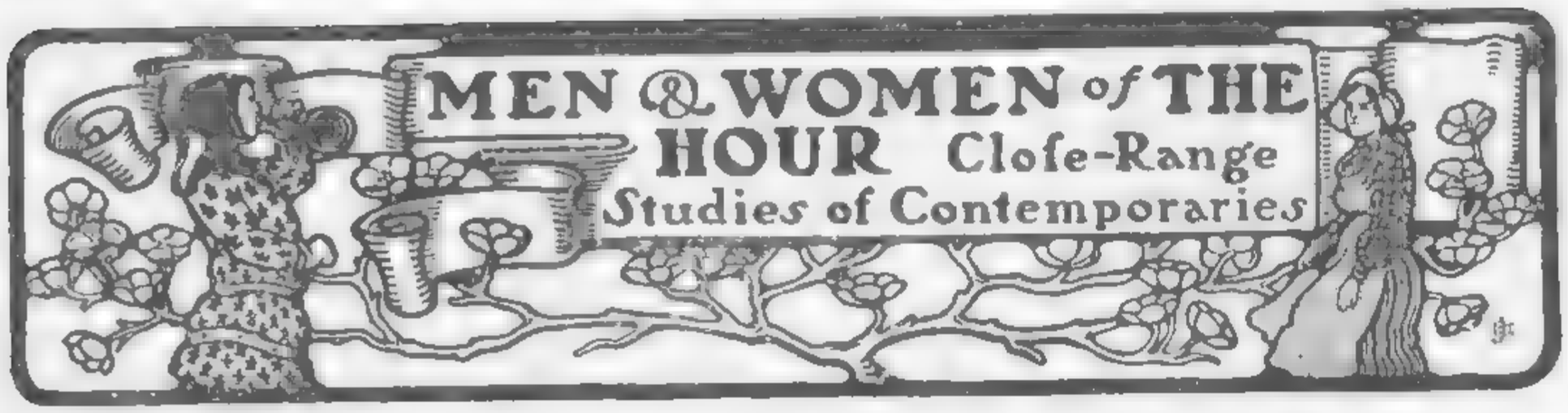
NOTE.—Under this heading will be given, weekly, short letters from contributors on topics suggested by the editorial page. Writers will kindly keep their letters for this column within the limit of one hundred and fifty words.



When General MacArthur was Snubbed

General Arthur MacArthur, who commanded a brigade at the capture of Manila, and subsequently the division that in its swift and continuously fighting chase of the insurgents executed one of the most remarkable military movements on record, has been an Army officer since his seventeenth year

When he was appointed Adjutant of the 24th Wisconsin Volunteers, in 1862, he was so small in stature and so weak in voice that he excited the general laughter of his regiment whenever he piped out a command.

One night, after dress parade, he overheard is Colonel remark: "I shall write to the ... ernor to send me a woolen man for Adjutant." Stung to the quick by the words and the laughter that followed, he said quietly: "I'll show them that I can fight, anyway; then maybe they'll come to like me better

Throughout the entire Civil War he showed that he could fight. He was frequently commended in General Orders, and the close of the War saw the "boy Adjutant" transformed into the "boy Colonel," and rewarded with a commission in the Regular Army. What he is now doing the whole world knows

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Hope's Greatest Novel

Anthony Hope wrote to the manager of his American lecture trip the other day, expressing regret that he would not be able to make another visit to this country in the near future. This is a deprivation to America, and also a loss to Mr. A. Hope Hawkins, because his lectures in the United States have been remarkably remunerative

His refusal to repeat his visit of 1897 also gives a slight currency to the report that he is soon to marry a young Englishwoman whom he has known for many years. Perhaps another reason that the author prefers to remain at home is his dread to face the New York reporters, who always are assembled to interview distinguished lecturers and stage folk upon their arrival in Gotham. On the occasion when Mr. Hawkins passed through this ordeal, about twenty reporters gathered round him in his manager's office near Union Square. The novelist, shy, reticent and almost bashful, sat at the centre table, while the newsmen stood around him and the spokesman asked him all manner of questions, first of all, of course, being how he liked America.

As Mr. Hawkins had only been in America four brief hours he was unable to express any opinion of value upon the subject. There came in quick succession inquiries as to other authors and their relative merits

ANTHONY HOPE

Probably the question which was the hardest to answer was an impromptu one proposed by a self authorized interrogator. It was "Mr. Hawkins, what, in your opinion, is your greatest work?"

"It never has been written, sir," was the reply of the Englishman, and then deep silence fell upon the group.

What Mr. Hawkins thought of the interviewing is not recorded, but the next day his manager brought him a scrapbook full of stories and illustrations of the most flattering sort, and his American lecture tour was launched in due form

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Beresford's First "Open-Door" Policy

Our recent distinguished visitor, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, is a prime practical joker, as well as a gallant life-saver and one of England's bravest and most popular sailors. He is the author of a legion of pranks, and was once on the point of being dismissed from the naval service because of one, when an American Consul intervened in his behalf

One of his most bold faced escapades was at Devonport while he was driving his Admiral, Sir Henry Keppel, from dinner with a mutual friend. On reaching a toll gate Lord Charles offered the keeper a larger coin than he could change, and would give no other. The gate-keeper demanded the exact toll, and not receiving it disappeared in his house, leaving the gate closed.

Lord Charles immediately alighted, asked his Admiral to "lend a hand," lifted the gate off its hinges, fastened it to the back of his dogcart and carried it to Devonport. The next day the gate-keeper charged the Admiral and his Flag Lieutenant with larceny. When the magistrate heard the evidence he gratified the popular sentiment against toll gates by dismissing the charge

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Author and Business Man

In addition to his writing, Max Pemberton is a man of business. He comes down to London City every day, and looks after the interests of a large American publishing house, whose English literary agent he is. His home in West Hempstead is an ideal place, and there, with his charming wife and family, his h[illegible] hours are spent. Mr Pemberton was dragged into literature, as it were, by force of circumstances. He was the editor of a paper for boys called Chums, and he was compelled to write a story for young readers once a week. From this came more ambitious work, until, in time, he included grown-ups among his readers, and his reputation was made

MAX PEMBERTON

Personally, Mr. Pemberton is a rare combination of business acumen and literary talent. He is capable of turning his attention to many different things at a moment's notice.

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General Porter Under Fire

One of the youngest-looking men of his years in public life is General Horace Porter, our Ambassador to France. His complexion is as ruddy, his eyes as bright, his lithe figure as erect, his step as springy, and his hair is almost as dark as it was when he witnessed General Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

Yet he has always been a busy man. One of the youngest Generals in the Civil War, he was one of the most active. At the big Dana dinner, given to the late editor of the New York Sun by the Lotos Club two years ago, the journalist described a scene in the Peninsular campaign

"I was an Assistant Secretary of War," said Mr. Dana, "and was looking for news. I was waked early one morning by heavy firing, and mounting my horse I rode through the wood to learn the cause. When I came to the open I was driven back by the enemy's fire. In the thick of the fray was Porter. Later on I came across the battle again, and was again driven off, but in the middle of it I saw Porter. That happened four times that morning When I got back to headquarters the first man I saw was Porter, hurrying off on some other errand—fighting, p[illegible]

In spite of his incessant activity, General Porter, while the head in New York of the Pullman Palace Car Company, was among the most accessible of men. He always seemed to have plenty of leisure time. One day a reporter was sent to him to collect some after-dinner stories which had never before been printed, and never have been printed up to the present time. The General laid aside his correspondence and entered whole heartedly into his caller's mission.

"I don't know," said he, "that I can tell you any new story of mine, but I will tell you what I regard as my best piece of repartee—at least, it was the most enthusiastically received. It was at a big banquet, the Chairman of which was not an orator. His introductions were labored, and most of them failed to score. When he introduced me he said

"'You all know General Porter. With him all you have to do is to drop a dinner in the slot and up comes a speech'

"'You all know the presiding officer,' I retorted, 'and, judging from the sickly tone of his speeches, all you have to do is to drop one of them in the slot and up comes your dinner.'

"From that time on I had things my own way at that dinner."

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Mrs. Steel's Next Book

Mrs. Flora Anna Steel is at present in India with her husband, who is an official in the Indian Civil Service. She has locked up her home in Scotland and gone to the land of Kipling for a prolonged stay.

In a recent letter to a friend in New York she wrote that she was at work upon a novel upon Indian life on which she intended to spend two or three years if necessary. Since writing On the Face of the Waters, which was printed in 1897 Mrs. Steel has brought out a collection of previously published short stories of life in India, which has met with an unusually gratifying reception. Mrs. Steel is a most painstaking writer, copying and recopying her work and editing it liberally in proof. She is fond of music and painting, and also takes great pride in her cooking.

FLORA ANNA STEEL

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Pope Leo as an Art Critic

The sculptor of the official bust of Leo XIII is Leopold Bracony, who has been in this country since 1893. This bust was ordered for the art gallery of the Vatican in 1878, the year of Leo's election to the pontifical throne. It is kept by the Pontiff in his private library, where, by the way, the sitting for the portrait took place.

"I was sent for," said Signor Bracony to me in New York one day recently, "by His Holiness, and visited him seven times, generally in the morning. He was an admirable subject. He entertained himself reading, and was extremely careful to refrain from doing anything to retard my work

"After I had nearly finished the Pope took a small hand-mirror and compared himself with the plaster. He went from side to side and viewed the work with the greatest possible interest You may imagine my feelings. Finally he said

"'Signor, the ears are too large

I [illegible] that they were no larger in the plaster than they were in nature as politely as I could Remember, he was criticising my work as an artist"

"'Ah'" answered His Holiness, 'that may be true, but let us not show to posterity that the men of the present time are as ugly as I am.'"

"Did you change his ears?" I asked the sculptor.

The Signor shrugged his shoulders expressively. "I don't precisely remember. It was twenty-one years ago. Possibly I did make them a little bit smaller. But not very much."

POPE LEO XIII

Signor Bracony's bust is the only one ever made from life of the Pontiff. There are several copies of it in Rome, and two in this country; one is in the archiepiscopal residence in Cincinnati and the other in Chicago. The Signor keeps the original plaster in his permanent studio in Chicago.

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Colonel Astor's Telephone System

There are many sides to the character of Colonel John Jacob Astor, by all odds the richest soldier in our late war. Since the death of his father he has been indefatigable in his attention to business. Not only his large estate, but his outside investments receive his most watchful care. He carries this system into his home life

Colonel Astor has a splendid estate up the Hudson, called Rhinecliff. It is a model place in a region noted for summer homes. It is cared for by an army of employees, but Colonel Astor is always the commanding officer. Just after his return from Cuba he described to a friend how he conducted it.

"I run it," he said, "on a business basis. Each department has a responsible head. There is [illegible] of stock, a gardener, a superintendent, and general superintendent. I have a report in writing from each division head on my desk every morning I can tell each day just what has gone on and precisely what is under way. Every month my accounts are balanced, and I know how I stand just as if I ran a grocery store instead of a country place

In addition to that, I have a complete telephone system that enables me to communicate within fifteen minutes with every man on the place. I have a central office, and branches in all the important buildings Besides that, I have boxes, like police telephone stations, scattered at regular intervals along my forty miles of roads.

"Suppose I want to find out at ten o'clock in the morning just what each gang of road repairers is doing. I ring up the various boxes, and in a quarter of an hour I have a report from every squad."

The result of this watchfulness is plain. Colonel Astor's workmen are among the best that can be found. His horses are usually prize winners at the Horse Show. His pumpkins take blue ribbons at county fairs, his blooded cattle are worth more than he paid for them, and his flowers are the envy of his fellow exhibitors at the leading Eastern horticultural shows—all the result of system.

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Harrison as a Jury Lawyer

Former President Benjamin Harrison will be in New York early in May, and will leave on the seventeenth of that month for Paris, to deliver his argument upon the Venezuelan boundary question. This argument is certain to attract world-wide attention, not only because of its ability, but by reason of its delivery. In his fame as a statesman General Harrison's reputation as an advocate has been lost sight of by most persons. Long before his election to the Presidency General Harrison was the leader of the Indiana bar, and he excelled in his rare skill as a "jury lawyer."

His style of speaking was wonderfully effective. His pose was natural and his tone conversational. He talked to the jury alone, and oftentimes what he was saying could not be heard by the spectators in the rear of the court room. He generally spoke impromptu.

In one famous case in Indianapolis, in 1876, he spoke for ten hours from notes made upon a single sheet of paper, reviewing technical testimony which took ten days to adduce, and his condensation was at the time regarded as one of the most marvelous efforts ever made in that part of the country.

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Miss Anthony's Arrest.—Susan B. Anthony announces that she will attend the international council of women in London next June. Miss Anthony is nearly eighty years old, and this will be her second visit abroad. Her first was in 1883, and it was attended by an incident which she is very fond of relating.

At that time, as now, the motto of the woman suffragist was "No taxation without representation." Miss Anthony had this printed on her envelopes, and while in Berlin she mailed a letter in one of these inscribed covers to a friend at home. The declaration was regarded by the Berlin police as being contrary to law, and she was promptly arrested.

It required the entire power of the American Minister and the Consul-General to secure her release. There is no danger of such an event marring her forthcoming visit, however, as England looks upon all kinds of fads with generous eyes.

Miss Anthony lives with her two maiden sisters, Mary and Lucy, in the old Anthony homestead, in Rochester, New York

General and Editor.—Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis, whose full name is always given in the dispatches from the Philippines to distinguish him from his superior, Major-General E. S. Otis, in civil life is the editor and owner of a prosperous daily newspaper in Los Angeles, California. He is a pleasant man, of middle age, ruddy of face, gray of hair and easy in his manners.

Since going to the Pacific slope his lines have been cast in pleasant waters. He has grown rich, and now that the war has taken him into the battle-field he is likely to become famous as well

R. R. Hitt as a Reporter.—Robert R Hitt, the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee in the last Congress, has aged markedly within the past ten years. He probably gives more time to his official work than almost any other man in the House. Mr. Hitt began his public career as a newspaper reporter. He became a Washington correspondent, and then went abroad in the diplomatic service. After that he was elected to Congress. He used to be one of the best shorthand reporters in Washington

A Defence of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON By His Friend KING MATAAFA

A TALK WITH EDWARD W. PICKARD

WHEN, in 1888, Mataafa, who is now fighting for the Kingship of Samoa, led the Samoan armies against the Germans and Tamasese, their puppet King, and defeated them, he was chosen ruler of the islands, and was so recognized by the Consuls. Malietoa Laupepa, whom the Germans had exiled, was brought back and publicly gave in his allegiance to the stronger chief. Then came the news of the treaty of Berlin and instructions to the American, British and German Consuls to recognize Laupepa as King.

The treaty guaranteed to the natives the right to choose Malietoa's successor, and Mataafa and his party understood this to mean that an election would be held as soon as was practicable. Consequently he temporarily resigned his claim to the throne.

For many months he and his chiefs urged Chief Justice Cederkrantz to call an election, but that officer delayed matters on one pretext or another until Mataafa, weary of waiting, withdrew with his followers to Malie, several miles from Apia, and remained there in armed opposition to the Government.

Finally, Malietoa, aided by the Germans, attacked Mataafa and routed his army. The old chief fled to Manono, a small island between Upolu and Savaii, and there surrendered to the British war-ship Katoomba. The Germans carried him off to Jaluit, where he lived in exile until last autumn, when he was brought back to Apia and once more chosen King by a vast majority of the native population.

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ON THE WAY TO MATAAFA'S "PALACE"

One hot morning in December I started for Mulinuu, the seat of Samoan Government, to tell Mataafa what Sir T. Berry Cusack-Smith, formerly British Consul at Apia, had said of Stevenson: how he had published to the English-speaking world the charge that Mr. Stevenson had incited the rebellion, and had been responsible in a large measure for the bloodshed that followed.

My way led along a curving shore, with the blue waters of Apia's beautiful harbor on my right spreading out into the white-capped sea beyond. Swinging idly at their anchors were the German and British war-ships, and lying high on the reef the dismal wreck of the Adler, sole remaining relic of the awful cyclone of 1888.

The mushroomlike houses, scattered thickly beneath tall cocoanut palms and breadfruit trees, were crowded with Samoans assembled to support Mataafa's claim to the throne. The big, handsome men were stretched out lazily in the shade, their heads resting on long bamboo pillows. At every house the *taupos*, or village maidens, were making the morning bowl of kava, their shapely brown bodies glistening with cocoanut oil. Occasionally there would be a little outburst of hand-clapping, indicating that in some one of the houses the task of brewing was finished and the refreshing draught ready for the thirsty men.

As I approached the Royal residence, differing from the others only in size, "Jack" Mulinuu, Mataafa's interpreter and himself a chief, met me, saying: "The King is just eating breakfast, but he will see you."

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A KING AT BREAKFAST

I entered and found His Majesty seated cross-legged on a fine mat, enjoying a most frugal repast of breadfruit, bananas and cold water. His massive frame was clad only in a white lava-lava, or kilt, as Mr. Stevenson called that article of clothing. His dignified, kindly face broke into a smile of welcome as he grasped my hand and made room for me to sit by his side.

"Your Majesty," I began, "I want you to tell me some things about Robert Louis Stevenson that I may repeat to the people in America."

"I shall be glad to talk to the Americans," he replied, "for I think much of them and they have always been my friends. And Tusitala (Stevenson's native name) I loved deeply, and still love his memory. He was my very dear friend. But first we must drink kava, for it is nearly ready."

EXCHANGING SAMOAN COURTESIES

Even as he spoke, two handsome girls brought in the bowl and placed it at the other end of the house. A tall native appeared suddenly, made an obeisance to the King, and, stepping outside again, uttered a series of ululations, the customary intimation that His Majesty is about to be served with kava. One of the maidens then partly filled a drinking-cup of polished cocoanut shell and presented it to the King with a graceful sweep of the arm, but he waved it away, for it was not full enough.

Twice was this repeated, and then the cup was brought brimming over. Mataafa took it, and saying "Manuia" (good fortune) to me, emptied it at a draught. All this ceremony is necessary when the King drinks kava, and I was not served until he had drunk, though ordinarily the cup is first passed to the guest. He who observes minutely the customs of Samoa will drink his kava without removing the cup from his lips, and then send the shell spinning across the mats that cover the pebble floor.

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MATAAFA'S ANGER AT THE ATTACK

"Now," said Mataafa, "what shall I say to you of Tusitala?"

"Let me first tell you what has been said of him by another man, Mr. Cusack-Smith," said I.

The old man's face darkened. "What has he said—what can he say about my friend?" he broke in.

"Very few people ever heard of Mr. Cusack-Smith, Your Majesty," I replied, "but he has written things about Stevenson

KING MATAAFA

and you that people will believe unless you tell them they are not true."

"Read, read," commanded the King impatiently, and while he listened intently I read, from the former Consul's address, this passage:

> "Stevenson came to Samoa as a free lance, bound by nothing but his own fancies. He was free to espouse the cause of King Malietoa and the Samoan Government, which Great Britain was pledged by treaty to support. Had he done so, there would in all probability have been no rebellion, and Samoa would have been spared much that has hindered her progress. In any case, Mataafa, the rebel chief, would have been saved years of weary, heart-breaking exile in a German protectorate."

A fairly accurate description of the battle in which Mataafa was defeated followed, and then, telling of Stevenson's call at the consulate, the address continued:

> "He was in an uncontrollable and pitiable state of distress, and I was very sorry for him. He had advised Mataafa throughout the rebellion, and assured him that the British Government would never take steps against him, and Mataafa had disregarded all warnings and pinned his faith upon Stevenson's promises. The knowledge of this cut Stevenson, a singularly kind-hearted man, to the quick. He was in tears."

"It is false!" broke in the old chief, his eyes glittering and his hand gripping tightly his upraised "fly-flapper."

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MATAAFA DEFENDS HIS FRIEND

"Tusitala was not to blame for that war. He was my good friend, but never advised me to fight Malietoa. As for his telling me England would not do anything against me, there is no truth in that statement—not one word. How could he assure me of that?

"Tusitala was on my side, but every time he visited my camp at Malie he would say to me: 'Mataafa, why do you keep up this struggle? It is useless and harmful to try to have two Kings in the country. Don't stay here any longer. Don't fight Malietoa, but send your people home; go to Mulinuu and make peace with the Government. They will give you a high place, probably next to the King, and together you can rule strongly and well over Samoa.'

"That was his advice to me always. He knew I was in the right, but he told me it would be useless for me to contend against Malietoa, since the three Powers were supporting him.

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"I could not do as Tusitala urged, because, as I always told him, my people would not permit me. Nearly all the Samoans had said they wanted me to be King and they would not recognize Malietoa. I could not leave them—it would not have been right. I did not want to fight Malietoa. Before I went to Malie I met Malietoa secretly, and asked him to let the people choose one of us for King, promising to stand by the result. He would not give me any definite answer.

"Then I wrote to him from Malie, making the same offer, saying I did not wish to fight, but wanted to see peace and happiness in Samoa. He did not answer this, and after a while I sent most of my people home. Then Malietoa and the Germans attacked me, and I went to Manono. When the war-ships came there, and the Captains sent word that if I did not surrender they would shell the island, I gave up to save the lives of my people, for that island is so small the shells would have killed them all. But if I had been on Savaii I never would have surrendered."

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"Stevenson sent you a letter after you surrendered, did he not?" I asked.

"Yes, a good letter, telling me how sorry he was."

"Here is what Cusack-Smith says of it," said I, and read:

> "When the grand-looking old chief came as a prisoner into the Captain's cabin I handed him Stevenson's letter. And I believe that when he subsequently read it, his comparison of Judas and Stevenson was most forcible."

"By all the distance from Heaven to earth, I never said or thought such a thing!" said Mataafa hotly. His voice trembled and tears stood in his eyes. "Never did I blame Tusitala in any way. It was not his fault that I fought, or that I was beaten and sent into exile. He was my dear friend. I loved him, and to hear such things said of him makes me feel as bad as I felt the day the news of his death came to me at Jaluit. Do not let the American people believe this about Tusitala."

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WHEN THE AUDIENCE ENDED

Just then there was the sound of cheering on the near-by beach. Mulainga ran out to learn the cause, and came back soon, to report the arrival of another large party of Mataafa's followers from Savaii. The newcomers drew their big boats up on the beach and approached to pay their respects to the King.

His Majesty indicated gently that my audience was ended, and I made my way, through a swarm of enthusiastic natives, toward the town.

Recent developments in Samoa, which necessitated the concerted action of the English and American naval officers, only go to show that Stevenson was far-sighted. He realized that no matter how strong was Mataafa's following among his own people, his right to the throne was not supported by England and the United States. Had Mataafa followed Stevenson's advice, he might have accomplished by peaceful means what is now impossible.

"Tusitala" holds a warm place in the affections of the Samoans. He resented actively what he believed was injustice toward them; he sought to better their condition, and he treated them as men. They speak of him with loving regret, and look with reverence up toward the summit of Vaea Mountain where, overlooking Vailima and the magnificent sweep of the seacoast, stands the white tomb, "O le Olioliisaga Tusitala," the tomb of the story-writer.

STEVENSON'S TOMB ON VAEA MOUNTAIN

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LIFE AMONG THE DIPLOMATS

The Men Who Represent Foreign Nations

By George Gibbs

With Pictures By The Author

WHEN Jefferson entered the White House, and threw out-of-doors the ceremonials of Washington, he left a deep impress upon the social and official life of the Capital. The first President, accustomed as he was to the stately life of Virginia and her Royal Governors, worried much over questions of State etiquette in the new Republic. But they did not vex Jefferson in the least.

—a little pompous, swathed, like the others, in long coat and society regimentals

The formality of the State functions of the first Administration was not satisfactory to the great masses of the people, who demanded that official receptions and functions be denuded of all that savored of the Royalty they hated. In Jefferson's Administration affairs at the Presidential Mansion took on something of the character of bucolic gatherings, and were so informal that England almost went to war with us because Mr. Jefferson wouldn't seat diplomats at dinner in correct order of precedence.

In the early days there were new social conditions of every sort to face. Royalty and formality seemed indissolubly linked, and the people thought that where the one existed a tincture of the other would surely enter their uncompromising Republicanism. Washington was therefore deluged with petitions, while Jefferson for a time became the idol of the people.

But with Adams and his successors there came a gradual appreciation of the necessity for correct forms in the dealings of the Chief Magistrate with the representatives of foreign Powers.

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Even as late as the seventies there was a charming simplicity about the unofficial entertainments for the diplomatic corps. The presence of the millionaire, with his palace and his fifteen-hundred-dollar dinners, had not come to be felt. Most of the great American fortunes of to-day were then hardly past the chrysalis state.

The Envoys then sent to us were for the most part amiable gentlemen on the road to fame, to whom Washington was a half-way resting-place and pleasant probation. Afternoon tea was the unofficial and innocuous medium to polite intercourse, and it was said in those days that a hostess could give a diplomatic ball if she owned a case of Apollinaris water. Pleasant excursions down the river to Mount Vernon, *al fresco* dinners and country picnics were the vogue in summer and fall, when Congress was not in session and the Capital had relapsed into its villagelike serenity. The arrival of a new foreign attaché or the departure of an old one were events of considerable importance to the small community, and the coming of so grand a person as a new Minister sent a flutter even through officialdom.

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To the official dinners, which the Ambassador or Envoy gives, the millionaire and his wife or daughter are sometimes invited, and thus the cosmopolitan flavor is gradually permeated through all social functions not distinctly official. Washington, already by nature cosmopolitan, is so leavened by the diplomat that it takes on a savor of "everywhere" almost European.

Of course, there are "diplomats and diplomats." Breeding, talent, and a disposition not to bore one's fellow men and women are the requisites to success. The Ambassadors, Ministers, Chargés and Secretaries of the great Powers are usually men who combine these qualities. But there are not a few instances of objectionable Secretaries returning to Gaul because they were not of a disposition to do as the Romans did.

Through the Diplomatic Corps the Capital gets a reflection of the character and habits of nine-tenths of the people of the earth. Stolid Britishers, gravely interested, but always exhibiting a sublime belief in the inevitableness of English institutions, lend the requisite element of soberness to functions where froth and small-talk are the order of the afternoon.

They do not go everywhere, for the younger Secretary is a man with ambitions in life, to whom careful work means appreciation at home and perhaps a small Legation. He knows that the British service, unlike our own, is a ladder which the deserving may climb until they reach the top. But the social side of his life is as important as the official work of the Secretary, so every afternoon in the season, when the Ambassador is indisposed or busy, some one takes the duty of calling at the official houses.

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The newcomer, with an imperfect knowledge of the English idiom, is seldom at a loss, for nobody seems to understand any one else, and "Yes," "No," "How d'ye do" and "Good-by" are a sufficient linguistic equipment. When the time for the dinners and "sitting-down" functions comes around he will learn quickly enough, for the Washington girl is cosmopolitan by circumstance as well as choice, and can use her eyes as skillfully as her sister across the water; so that, through the wisdom of this sponsor, his vocabulary soon gains in strength and pliability.

The German of the military type stands erect and a little pompous, swathed, like the others, in long coat and society regimentals, his projecting chest, square shoulders and sharp eyes marking him as the soldier and practical student of the great bodies of men that compose the armies of the world.

The alert, diminutive Japanese, high in the scale of civilization, chats gayly and brilliantly, while with sparkling eyes he watches his one-time brother from Corea, sauntering by, double-hatted and stately, his face illumined by an expression of almost human intelligence. The Chinese and Coreans supply the quaint color-note in the human kaleidoscope. Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, cosmopolitans,

—alert, diminutive Japanese, high in the scale of civilization

linguists, good types of intellectual development, mingle in the throng, and give the touch of the Latin that makes the tone of thought and conversation almost European in character.

The permutations to be made of the diplomats with the circles of the Supreme Court, Senate and House of Representatives are endless and amusing. The Congressional people, untutored in the letters and arts of the great society of the world, come curiously, all hands, feet and neck, goggle-eyed, to view the spectacle.

At the big White House receptions they are wedged in perforce anywhere and everywhere, and look at the diplomat from foreign lands with the same awe-struck silence that they did at the beasts in the circus at "Smith's Corners" years ago. To them a Baron seems almost as fine as a Representative from Smith's Corners—almost, but not quite. They don't know that titles are officially of as little account in Washington as they would be in a desert.

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Certain Americans there, as elsewhere, cherish them in their hearts, but the conservative, well-ordered fabric of society, which is made up of uncorrupted Senators, Judges, Cabinet Ministers and well-bred residents, looks on anything but reputation or merit good humoredly, but without special enthusiasm. The daughter of the rural Congressman has read about the Count in books from the circulating library, and is not happy until she gets him. When she has danced with him her cup of happiness is full to overflowing, for then she can write home and fill other girls' hearts with envy.

When an Ambassador or Minister, duly accredited to the United States, arrives, the Secretary of State is called upon by the departing representative, or his Charge d'Affaires, who asks what time may be convenient for the official presentation to the President. The time being arranged, the Ambassador or Minister is duly presented by the Secretary of State, and, in courteous, diplomatic language, addresses the President in behalf of his nation. The President replies in kind, and the incident is ended.

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Sometimes, when matters of prime importance are at issue, as in the case of the petition of the Powers during the war with Spain, the addresses of the Ministers, as well as those of the President, are written beforehand and read. Diplomatic officers below the rank of Minister, not representing directly the sovereignty of their nation, are received by the Secretary of State only, but are later presented to the President at the general diplomatic reception.

Throughout the official year, Thursday is the day set apart by the Secretary of State for his official reception of the diplomats, and the diplomatic room, between ten and two, is often half filled with the representatives of the nations of the earth, who await, in the order of precedence, their turn to speak to the Secretary.

The late Governor Gardiner G. Hubbard gave a dinner to Vice-President Hobart, and invited Sir Julian Pauncefote. Sir Julian immediately wrote a note to Governor Hubbard, asking for a card showing the seating at the table, and intimating that, if the Vice-President were given precedence over him, he would regretfully be obliged to decline.

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The Governor sent the card, which gave Mr. Hobart the seat of honor to the right of the host. Sir Julian immediately declined. He held that, being an Ambassador, he represented the "person" of his Queen, and took precedence over every one but the President of the United States. The Vice-President contended that the office he held was similar to that of the Prince of Wales, who, as heir apparent, of course takes precedence over our Ambassador to England. Mr. Hobart's predecessor, Mr. Stevenson, refusing to raise a national question, had always yielded the point to Sir Julian, who is never slow to embrace any opportunity which may be to the advantage of his sovereign.

—exhibiting a sublime belief in the inevitableness of English institutions

Letters passed between the Vice-President and Sir Julian, and Mr. McKinley was appealed to. The matter had always been in dispute, and the President determined to settle it at once. He wrote a polite note to Lord Salisbury, requesting his opinion of the status. Instructions were immediately sent to Sir Julian to yield the point.

At these great official dinners as many as seventy persons are sometimes seated, and any error by the President's Assistant Secretary, Mr. Pruden, in the seating, would lead to disagreeable contretemps. To simplify matters, a table-card has been invented. This is a double leather board, with slips cut at intervals along the sides. Into these slips are inserted cards with the names of the guests, which may be shifted at will.

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In the seating at table the order of precedence begins, of course, with the President, who sits not at the end, but at the centre of the long north side of the table. He takes in Lady Pauncefote, who is seated upon his right. Mrs. McKinley, who is seated directly opposite the President, is taken in by Sir Julian, who sits upon her right. This is because Sir Julian is, by priority of reception, at the head of the list of Ambassadors.

An Ambassador is considered as peculiarly representing the honor of his principal, and, in a Monarchy, is entitled to the dignity and ceremonial of one representing the person of the sovereign; while Ministers or Envoys Extraordinary only represent their principals in respect to the business on which they are sent. All persons in the suite of an Ambassador partake of his inviolability. International law has invented a fiction known as extra-territoriality, by which the Minister, though actually in a foreign country, is considered to remain within the territory of his own State. He continues to be subject to the laws of his own country as if he lived there, both in regard to his personal status and his rights of property.

—the quaint color-note in the human kaleidoscope

The CHOICE of a PROFESSION

PAPER NUMBER TWO

By Gen. Stewart L. Woodford

AGE and experience owe certain and clear obligations to youth, and an old lawyer should be able to say something to those proposing to study law that may help them.

FIRST: I advise that no young man enter the profession who does not feel himself deliberately and persistently moved and constrained thereto. The bar is crowded with men who have no special adaptation or calling to the profession. They are in each other's way, and they are a hindrance and, generally, a detriment to their clients.

SECOND: If a young man thinks he is called to the bar, let him examine himself very carefully and be sure that this impression is based on real fitness and sound judgment, and not on fancy and whim.

THIRD: When one has decided that he must be a lawyer in order to fulfill his own life and answer his own ambitions, then let him become a lawyer, even if he has to sweep an office and live on crusts in order to get into the profession.

The man who has not the patience, the persistence, the self-denial and the pluck to suffer in order to win his desire and accomplish his purpose, has not the metal or the quality to really be a lawyer and win its highest honors and best rewards.

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FOURTH: If you feel that you must be a lawyer in order to be truly and in the best sense yourself, then get a collegiate education if you can, but do not abandon your purpose because you have not the means to go through college. Abraham Lincoln did not go to college. He could not. Charles O'Conor, who led our New York bar for years, did not go to college. He graduated from the errand-boy's place in a law office.

I have in my thoughts, now, one who took very high rank in our profession, who was a merchant's clerk by the command of his father until he was twenty-one, and then when he was free to follow his own will left the counter and compelled success at the bar. Collegiate education is a most desirable preparation, and if one possibly can he should secure it. But it is not a necessity, and he who is really fit to be a lawyer will win his way to his profession and to his place in that profession despite all obstacles and against all difficulties. If you have not that resolute will, then leave the law alone.

FIFTH: Go to a law school, if you can. This is far more important than the academic college. But if you really mean to be a lawyer, do not abandon your purpose because you cannot afford the law school.

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SIXTH: Get into a well-ordered, hard-working law office, and, when there, make yourself useful. Do not be afraid of work. You will find dawdlers, idlers and incompetents everywhere. If, to use a current phrase of the shop and the street, "you mean business," those with whom you are will very quickly know your disposition and appreciate your work.

SEVENTH: After you are admitted to the bar get your own office and put up your own shingle as soon as you can. Independent practice cultivates self-reliance and makes your clients your own. Of course, this is to be determined by each man's good sense as applied to his own special case.

If you have a good place offered you in an established firm where you can have varied practice, it may be wise to accept it and use its opportunities. If you need money for your support, you will, of course, do that which will assure your living. But, all other things being equal, I still think it best for a young lawyer to get the advantage of independent and self-reliant practice.

EIGHTH: Having studied, keep steadily at work. You will never again have such good opportunity for reading and work. When you get a case, learn everything that is reasonably to be learned about that case, and study each case and try each case, not for the fee, but for the law that is in it.

NINTH: Be honest with your clients, honest with opposing counsel, and honest with the Court. A trick may seem to win for a day, but it is a bad investment for a lifetime. A man comes to be known by his associates at the bar and by the Bench far sooner than he realizes. And that knowledge is generally unerring.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD

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The lawyer states a fact and his opponent and the Court alike know that it is so simply because he says it. Another makes a statement and he is believed after his statement has been proved. Nowhere does character, simply as character, count for so much as in the practice of our profession.

TENTH: Be businesslike, methodical and prompt in the transaction of business. If possible, bring the exactitude of the banking-room into the habits of the law office. If you collect money, deduct your fee and pay over the balance promptly. Keep your appointments to the minute. Time is a business man's money, and the better the business man the more will he appreciate your promptness. Lawyers are proverbially careless as to time appointments. Help to cure that unfortunate tendency.

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ELEVENTH: When you have undertaken a case, whether it be large or small, whether the fee is large or small, do your very best. Never, under any circumstances, allow yourself to do careless work.

TWELFTH: Above all, remember that ours is a profession and not a trade, and that while fees are good and necessary, the highest and best purpose of our calling is to secure justice, to right wrongs and to fulfill sacred trusts. Capital will come to you to know how its investments may be made legally and safely. Quarrels and differences will be brought to you for adjustment, if adjustment be possible, and for decision by the Courts if adjustment be impracticable. Dying men will leave their interests and their loved ones to your advice and to your care. Character will place its security in your keeping. The highest, the deepest, the holiest interests of the family and the State will be committed to you.

Your profession is almost sacred. May you acquit yourselves like men.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is the second in a series of papers on The Choice of a Profession. It is the purpose of the POST to print from week to week these practical papers by men who have achieved national success in their respective callings. They will point out the advantages and disadvantages of each profession, as well as the difficulties to be encountered and the rewards which success will bring. The first of these articles on The Choice of Medicine as a Profession, by Dr. George F. Shrady, appeared in the POST of February 18. In early issues will appear:

THE NAVY	Robley D. Evans, Capt. U. S. N.
THE MINISTRY	Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D.
JOURNALISM	Murat Halstead.
THE ARMY	Major-General Joseph Wheeler

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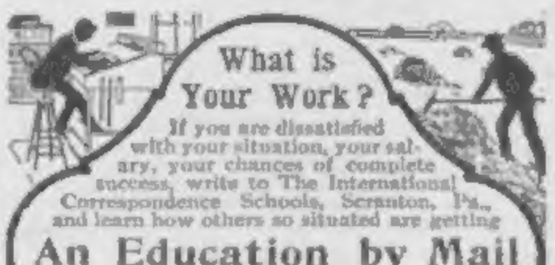
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THE BOOKS OF THE WEEK

DE BERGERAC'S TRIP TO THE MOON

DID you ever, in your days of early reading and downy lips, encounter a stray volume minus the author's name, and read in ignorance of responsibility but with delighted surprise that triumph of the imagination, Bulwer's Coming Race?

The descent of the writer through a coal shaft, the discovery of a world within our world, peopled with a race superior to humanity, the charm of it all, the convincing quality of the unreality of it, are vividly recalled by a perusal of Cyrano de Bergerac's A Voyage to the Moon (Doubleday & McClure Company).

A curiously interesting incident of the literary year, surely, is this reproduction, with comprehensive introductory, explanatory and biographical notes, of a seventeenth-century translation of a seventeenth-century French author, whose very existence had been overlooked by the *fin de siecle* reader until the modern drama resurrected his name for titular use in a new romantic play.

Here is a neat satire upon literary hardship in Paris: Cyrano and his lunar guide, having been entertained at an inn, the guide paid the reckoning by handing over to the boniface three couplets, and found it necessary to explain that verses were the money of the country.

"Though we should pamper ourselves for a whole week," explained the mentor, "we could not spend a sonnet, and I have four about me, besides two epigrams, two odes and an eclogue."

"Would to God it were so in our world," replied Cyrano, "for I know a good many honest poets there who are ready to starve, and who might live plentifully if that money would pass in payment."

The ancient translation, which the English-speaking world owed to A. Lovell, of London, was imperfect in letter-press, but plentifully adorned with quaint and satisfying woodcuts illustrating the text.

The Lovell illustrations have been retained, and they show that Mr. Mansfield and other leading actors have done the voyageur much wrong as to his nose. Cyrano's nasal organ was aquiline, not upturned. It was a Roman nose—large, but distinctly Roman.

It has been the work of the present translator, Professor Curtis H. Page, of Columbia University, to supply these omissions. This required a visit to France and a close study of all the manuscripts bearing on the work; but it was labor well expended.

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OUR PORTO RICAN FARM

IF YOU "want something to do," don't go to Porto Rico. It is a pleasant place for an outing, but that is all. There is little enough to interest the capitalist and investor, but for the clerk, the workman, the position-hunter there is absolutely nothing.

In time there may be something, but it will be, at the least, many months before such opportunities are open, and even then they will be few. Until then the case is hopeless, and those who go will but do as their predecessors have done—come home again poorer and wiser men.

This seems to be the gist of Albert Gardner Robinson's The Porto Rico of To-Day (The Century Company, New York)—a book as sensible as it is entertaining.

The native name of Porto Rico is Boriquèn—the Land of the Valiant Lord. The area of the island is about 3600 square miles—half that of New Jersey. The leading cities are San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez, all seacoast towns, and, as the highways are primitive and rough, the interior is almost cut off from the outside world.

This island of the blue sea is covered with eternal summer. The average temperature is about eighty degrees. There is not an overcoat to be found on the island. Our fellow-countrymen go clad in thin cotton the year round, while the youngsters under ten wear no more clothes than an angle-worm.

It is a lazy world. The Porto Rican heat saps the energies, both physical and mental. It is the sort of a place where one likes to lie in a hammock and dream of the things one is too indolent to do. The population is a trifle over 800,000, and only fourteen per cent. know how to read and write. About half the population is "white." In Porto Rico "white" means those in whom there is, at most, only a touch of negro blood.

Mr. Robinson thinks the natives had little reason to complain of Spanish rule. The system of government was admirable. Its laws were adequate and in the main just and equitable. The Spaniards did not "work the island for all it was worth." Considering the richness of the soil, the populous districts and the well-to-do little cities, the taxation was by no means excessive. On the whole, the people seem to have been happy and prosperous. Many of the natives are rich, though the majority—as the majority are everywhere—are poor. But in a land where life is easy and wants are few, poverty is a condition rather than an evil. Porto Rico is a farm and not a workshop. Its resources are almost exclusively agricultural. The main products are coffee, sugar and tobacco, while rum and molasses are important by-products. Among the possibilities are canning and exporting fruit and vegetables, and cattle-raising.

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A New Writer on Texas.—N. A. Jennings, author of The Texas Ranger, is an active New York newspaper man who has won more than local fame as a humorist and short-story writer. His book is the result of an experience in the Lone Star State, where he went to report for the press the result of the rain-making experiments. He rode more than 4000 miles on horseback in collecting his material. Mr. Jennings, although actively employed in journalism, lives the year round on the farthest end of Long Island, on the Atlantic Beach.

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Quiller-Couch at Work and Play.—Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch (Q.) is still living his open-air life overlooking the water at Fowey, Cornwall, England, whither he retired about ten years ago, after a most unhappy experience in London. He went to the metropolis to write a story a week for a prosperous periodical. He associated almost exclusively with the literary set; he went to receptions, theatres and clubs, and put off writing his story until the last day in the week.

He stood this sort of life as long as he could and then went back to his dogs and garden, sailboat and moors. He writes daily until about one o'clock, when he puts on a sweater and goes out to have a good time. Sometimes he sails, again he walks, and he varies his amusements by coaching a local rowing team. At Oxford, in the eighties, he rowed on his 'Varsity crew, and he has kept up his athletics ever since. He says he will never again live in London. The atmosphere stifles him.

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Collecting Literary Lions.—The popular idea that any man of education feels flattered to be asked to write for a great magazine is not wholly correct. The magazine that is printing the reminiscences of Senator Hoar was not able to secure them until the editor-in-chief, himself a man of renown, visited the Senator at Worcester and made the necessary arrangements.

Another monthly secured an important contribution only through the personal solicitation of Governor Roosevelt, and the owner of still another periodical recently made a trip to Europe to induce writers, who are popularly supposed to be only too eager to sell their matter, to write some stories to order. Probably there never has been more wire-pulling of this sort since magazines were first printed than there was during the late war, to secure "personal" accounts of the conflict from eye-witnesses high in official rank. It is said that the death, in Cuba, of one soldier of distinction deprived his family of more money than his life insurance amounted to. Had he lived he would have been one of our leading historians.

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Weary Wyckoff.—They have a new name for Assistant-Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, of Princeton University. Since he had his remarkable experience as a laborer, which led to his epoch-making book, The Workers, he has been called "Weary" Wyckoff, after Weary Waggles of the comic weeklies. It is popular and will stick.

The Professor, in spite of his name, is much liked by the undergraduates, and the townfolk have made him, next to Grover Cleveland, their chief social lion. He has become an experienced diner-out, and no one would recognize in the well-groomed young man of exquisite manners and the broadest of broad English accents the workman who dug ditches for Illinois farmers for twenty dollars a month and "keep," and talked social problems with his employer after the chores were done. The English accent is an inheritance, for Professor Wyckoff was born in India, and "English as she is spoke" in London and Boston comes to him naturally.

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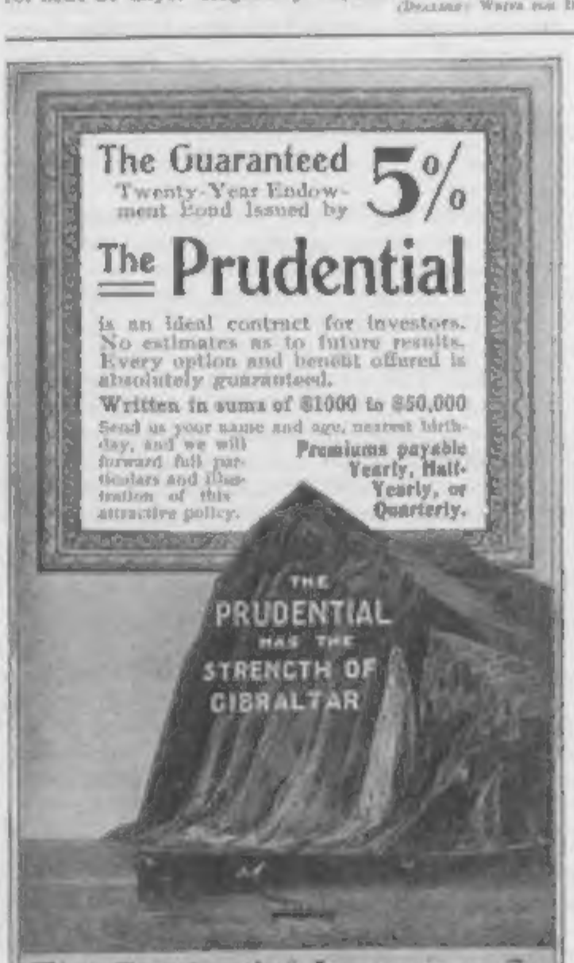

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